

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



Fairlie Nude!

The naked truth about
Fairlie Arrow

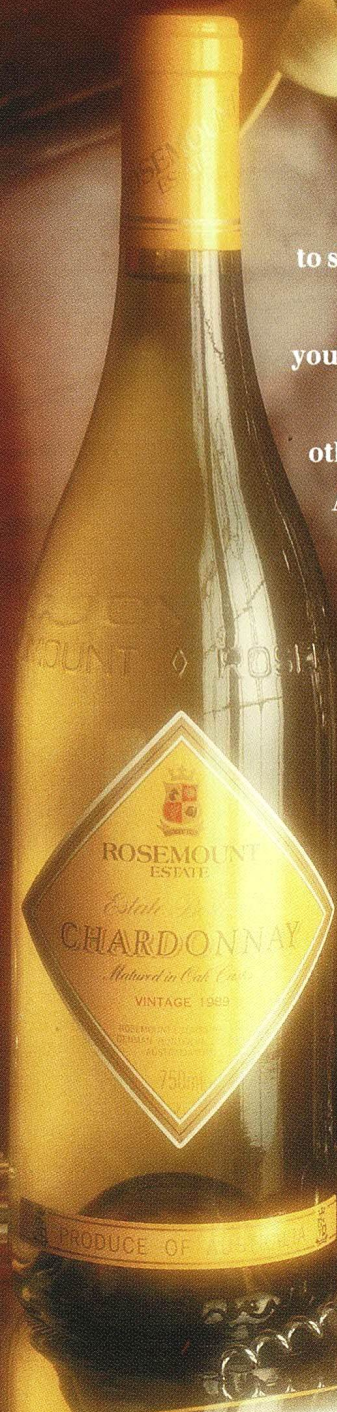
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Degrees of fear

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 8 / August 1992 Black Label Edition

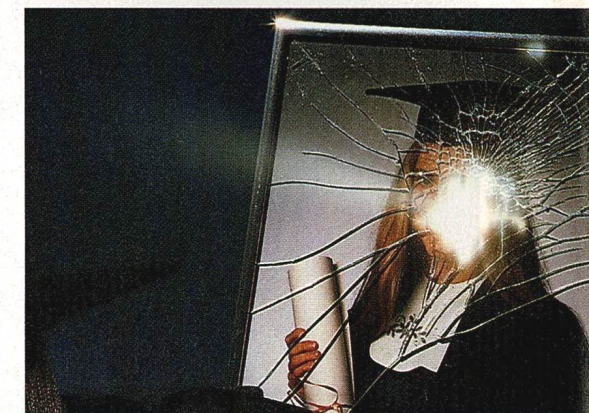


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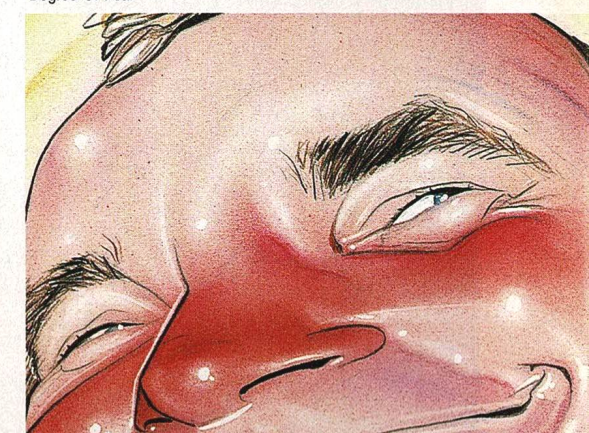
FEEDBACK	Reader Opinion	4
FORUM	Correspondence	7
MODERN MAN	Comment	Mark Abernethy 11
FOOD	Article	Elisabeth King 15
ADVENTURE	Article	Mark Reed 16
GAMES	Reviews	Trish Murphy 18
MOTORING	Article	Peter McKay 20
MONEY	Comment	David Quicksilver 22
STATE OF THE ART	Service	Paul Burrows 24
SOUNDS	Reviews	Jeremy Cook 26
FILM	Reviews	C.J. Mackay 28
ADVISOR	Counsel	30
FIERA	Pictorial	John Harroll 32a
CELEBRITY SKINS	Satire	Frants Kantor 33
DEGREE OF FEAR	Article	John Birmingham 34
FAIRLIE NUDE!	Pictorial	Bambi 39
FACE VALUE	Profile	Glenn A. Baker 50
SALLY	Pictorial	Stephen Hicks 55
KEVORKIAN'S DEMON	Article	Laurence Gonzales 66
KRISSY AND MICHAEL	Pictorial	Sam Constable 72
NIGHTLIFE	Article	Todd Cole 80
ROSIE	Pictorial	Danny Rowland 86
STUDS	Humor	Jean Norman 92
HOLLY	Pictorial	Hank Londoner 96a
RICHIE AND FRAN	Pictorial	David Schoen 98
HEATHER	Pictorial	Andre Felix 109
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Todd Cole 126

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Kevorkian's Demon



Studs

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AUGUST



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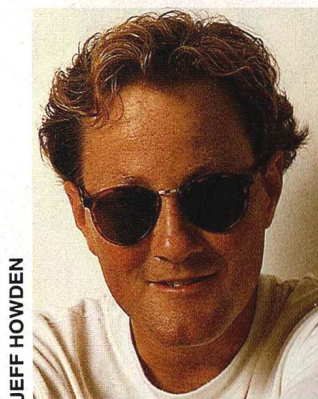
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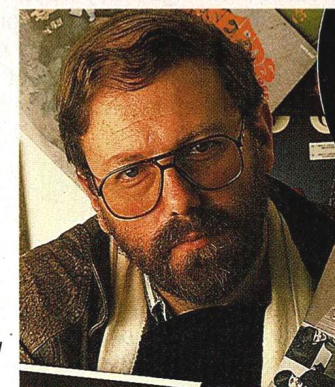
JEFF HOWDEN

FEAR BY DEGREE

Australian universities have long been the forerunners of enlightened thinking, hotbeds of protest and bastions of sexual and racial equality. But these supposedly tolerant learning institutions harbour a hatred of women that is exacerbated in young males by alcohol abuse and peer pressure. John Birmingham investigates the increase of rape and sexual violence on Australian campuses. Jeff Howden took the opening photograph. Turn to page 34.

FACE VALUE

At 41 years of age, singer, songwriter and drummer Phil Collins is still throwing himself into new projects with an energy that puts many rockers half his age to shame. The Genesis lead man and star of the movie *Buster* was recently in Australia to make another movie. On page 50 he speaks to Glenn A. Baker about a new tour, being a "Nice Guy" and a film project that could see him starring with Danny DeVito and Bob Hoskins in a cinema version of *Goldilocks And The Three Bears*.



GLENN A. BAKER



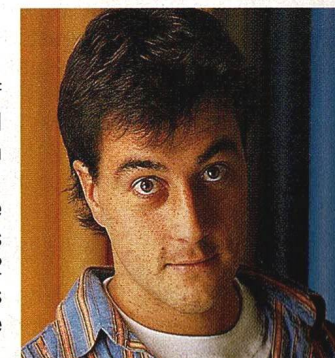
NIGEL BUCHANAN

KEVORKIAN'S DEMON

In the American summer of 1990, Alzheimer's disease sufferer Janet Adkins travelled 4000km to meet Dr Jack Kevorkian. In the back of a VW Kombi van, the doctor plugged her into his "Suicide Machine" that she then activated herself. Adkins was dead within five minutes. What became known as "Kevorkian's Demon" had been released from its box and became front-page news throughout the US for the next year. Kevorkian beat a murder charge over the suicide, but the resulting argument over the right to die still rages. Laurence Gonzales reports on page 66. Nigel Buchanan created the illustration.

STUDS

White flared pants, a gold medallion, gallons of Brut 33 and pick-up lines that included discussions of star signs. No getting away from it — the stud of yesteryear was one classy guy. But after a peak of popularity in 1978 with the Oliver Tobias film *Stud*, the promiscuous pants man has been in decline ever since. On page 92 Jean Norman compares the Nineties stud to his Seventies counterpart. Eric Löbbecke drew the pictures.



ERIC LÖBBECKE

feedback

Weird and wonderful

Having been a regular reader of your excellent magazine for the last year, I felt compelled to write and commend your staff. Every article I have read has not been a disappointment. The stories and interviews you publish are informative and interesting — more than I can say for other magazines on the market.

Jean Norman is magnificent. Her sarcastic wit brings many a chuckle to my lips. My boyfriend and I look forward to each new issue with relish. I may get weird looks at the newsagent when I purchase *Penthouse*, but this is one lady who will keep buying "The Australian Men's Magazine" as long as you keep up the good work. — Jackie Vearing, Carina Heights, Qld

Competition ideas

I have enjoyed the Black Label edition of *Australian Penthouse* for the past two years. I like all aspects of the magazine — the cartoons, the articles, the humour and, of course, the pictorials.

Although I love seeing the great pictures, I would like to see more Australian girls. So how about: 1. Find the best looking college girls, put them in the pictorials with information on their university. 2. Run a girl-next-door competition. Request readers to send in photos, run a phone-in competition then give the winner a spread. 3. How about a famous Australian once a month, like an actress, future olympian, model etc. And if they won't pose nude, let them pose in swimwear. Keep up the good work. — A. Jones, Ashfield, Sydney

Basketball breasts

Congratulations on the April edition of *Australian Penthouse*. It was an excellent edition with superb pictorials, except the one of Traci. This huge-breasted woman is quite gruesome. She looks as if she's holding a pair of basketballs instead of breasts. Please, no more like this.

On the other hand, could you feature more pictorials the likes of Susan, Simone and Melissa (March edition). These girls are wonderful and make excellent viewing, especially Susan and Melissa.

The April pictorial "Postcards from the Gold Coast" was fantastic. Jody Boyce has a great body. Please can we see



Jody Boyce — a great body

more of her, and more of your January centrefold, Cindy? I also thoroughly enjoyed your article about Sweet Connie the rock'n'roll groupie (state edition). — Name and address withheld

Wow!

Wow, crash, boom, bang! We can all do with more imports like Jody Boyce. *Penthouse* has really put itself into a class of its own this time. Please keep it up and show us more of Jody, or similarly endowed girls. Keep it up, we love it. — Andrew Wernbacher, Maleny, Qld

Ambivalence

Allow me to express my wholehearted agreement with the criticism of your article on Mr Howard Carter (Dec '91). I found the article offensive, and considered the attitudes expressed to be in very poor taste. To play the "KGB approach" to any citizen in this country, regardless of his expressed views, is not democracy. I will not be renewing my subscription to your magazine!

On a totally different subject, I would like to ask some questions about censorship in this country.

How come you are permitted to publish photographs of men with erections (eg, Larry and Tina, April '92 Black Label)

while *Women's Forum* magazine imply they are not permitted to publish such pictures?

Why is it, with your couples pictorials, that the man never actually places his penis into the woman's vagina? I thought that was the logical conclusion of delicious foreplay. Scandinavian magazines, readily available in Australia, show couples unashamedly copulating completely — and with obvious pleasure! Not only do the pictures show such action, but one can confirm that they have actually "coupled" because the natural lubricant from the vagina leaves a certain glisten on the penile shaft. By contrast, your models display a certain harshness in their body language. There seems to be an attitude of aggressive exploitation rather than delightful consummation.

Personally I have been disappointed in your couples pictorials — which was the only reason I purchased the magazine. Your magazine has fallen into the same pit as X-rated videos. I was looking for something about tender lovemaking — not loveless, exploitative sex.

With this thought in mind I agree with the ideas expressed by the writer of the letter "Blue and Boring" (April '92). When, if ever, the makers of X-rated videos wake up to the fact that people want films about relationships (not just pointless screwing), the X-rated industry might make a comeback. But they will need to invest money into good scripts, good acting and producers who have romantic sensitivity. It is not government taxes, nor the policies of Fred Nile, Sonnerman or Stevens which are destroying the X-rated industry — they have destroyed themselves with their depraved, insensitive presentation of sex.

Personally I agree with Dr Alex Comfort when he states that sex is an enjoyable "sport" and like any enjoyable sport it is great to watch. — Name and address withheld

We publish pictures of erect penises only in the Black Label edition, which is X-rated and available only through subscription. *Women's Forum* is a newsstand magazine, and must therefore meet the requirements of the censor, as must we with newsstand editions of *Penthouse*, which are not the same as the Black Label. — Ed

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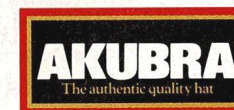
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Akubra hat to suit all characters and you can even shape it a little more to suit your own. Styles have been created and adopted, they can denote a man of means, or speak of high country, some are polite enough for town whilst others are much too wild.

It's said, 'You can judge a man by his hat'.

But an Akubra does more than just sum up a character, it provides the best protection under the sun which is essential in our harsh climate.

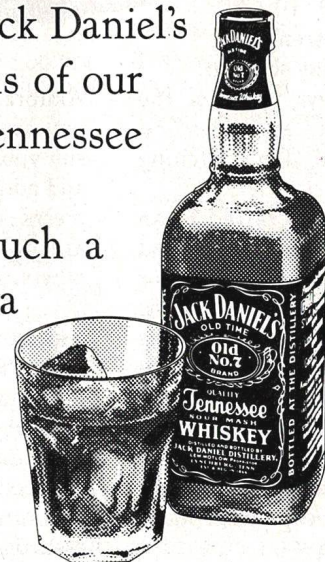
We also pride ourselves on the quality, and finer points of our hats, the smooth finish really sets us apart.





If you'd like to know more about our little town and its people, drop us a line.

THERE AREN'T MANY TOWNS where hound dog pups are sold on Main Street. But Lynchburg, Tennessee is one. And just a short distance from where such transactions are occurring is Jack Daniel's Distillery ... where the citizens of our town have pridefully made Tennessee Whiskey since 1866. We don't know if living at such a leisurely pace helps us make a smoother product. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we think you'll agree it isn't doing any harm.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13654/A

SJD 0377

Dee-light

It was back in 1981. I was but a slip of a lad — relatively inexperienced in the ways of pleasuring women. I was visiting a friend on Sydney's North Shore, which at the time I thought was pretty good for someone from the country. Jay's sister, Dee, was a couple of years older than her, but we hit it off quite well from the start.

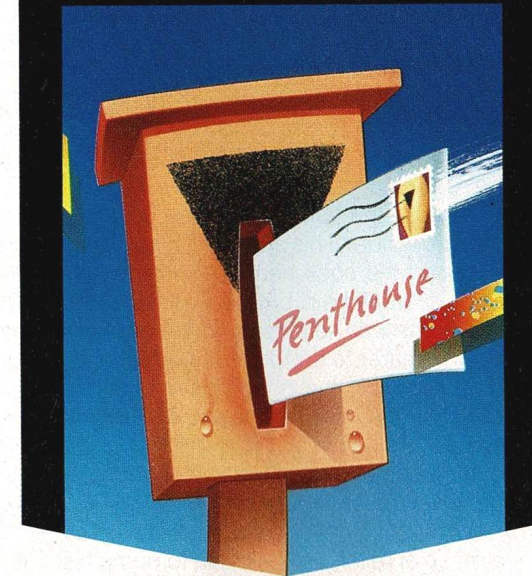
Although my first sexual encounter was at the tender age of 14, Dee was my first partner for anything worthwhile. We had arranged to meet on the weekend after a heavy petting session in her car.

She collected me at about 8pm and we left for a quiet, leafy park near the Harbour. She made no secret of her intentions for the night. Her fleshy mounds were straining to be released from their bindings, her skirt was hitched around her waist and the aroma of her perfume filled the car. Just as well the car was an automatic, as she found it awkward to drive with my hand at her box.

At last we reached our destination. The remainder of our clothes came off in no time flat. She pushed me against her car and went down on me. Her tongue ran rings around the end of my ever-hardening prick. Taking as much into her mouth as humanly possible, Dee slurped as though at the end of a milkshake. The suction was intense, I could feel my balls tightening, but didn't want to throw my load just yet. I pushed her away and on to the back seat, where I proceeded to eat her sopping cunt. It was not entirely unlike a flood, her juices poured out and down my chin.

After a time I moved up her body to suck on her abundant breasts. Her nipples were already hard, as though anticipating my arrival; three fingers slid effortlessly into her oozing twat. Eventually I had my whole hand in there and her excitement became more and more intense, her moaning louder and louder until Dee finally ejaculated. She apologised, thinking she had wet herself. This was the first time either of us had encountered female ejaculation.

I wiped the white cream off my arm



forum

while Dee's mouth again encircled my throbbing cock, allowing her pussy to calm down enough to let me penetrate her velvet tunnel. Yet again I came to the brink, stopping her long enough to slow the pulse, slip on a rubber and enter her love canal.

I pounded her mercilessly, sucking on her tits for all they were worth. We changed positions and I went underneath, where I could hold her boobs together and suck on both nipples at once. This quickly had her moaning again, this orgasm not as strong as the last.

Her legs were tiring so we altered positions once more. It was time for the Grand Finale. I entered her from behind. With one hand I caressed her swaying jugs and with the other I massaged her clit. She screamed and collapsed into a heap. I filled the rubber as she started to catch her breath.

A short time later we went back to where I was staying and let ourselves into the downstairs flat. I was ready for action again, but poor old Dee's pussy could not take any more punishment.

I only saw her a couple of times after that, just as a friend. I hope she found the right guy to fulfil her needs. — *Name and address withheld*

Looking good

I always enjoy watching Donna, my wife,

sunbathing. Her skin slick with coconut oil and the small beads forming between a set of perfect young breasts is a vision which never fails to excite me.

The other day I was gazing out of the window at my wife when I heard a knock at the door. I answered, expecting to see our usual gardener. The young man, who introduced himself as John, explained that his father had other commitments, so he was doing the gardening rounds instead.

I knew Donna would be pleased when she saw him. He was about 18 years old with a lean, muscular body that was nicely tanned. As he started the lawn-mower, I noticed Donna watching him. She looked over towards me and I saw that telltale little smile form

on her lips. She was horny and she had seen something she liked.

Donna had mentioned to me many times before that she was very aroused by the thought of giving a handsome young stranger a blowjob in front of me, and, being an open relationship, I often indulge her whims.

John's discreet glances toward Donna became less than discreet when she teasingly began applying a little more coconut oil to her thighs and torso. When John finished the mowing in double-quick time, Donna winked at me as she rose from the sun lounge and went to the fridge to pour two of her home-made lemonades (which contained a generous amount of vodka).

John seemed to be quite a shy young man. Nevertheless, he gratefully accepted the offer of a cool drink from my bikini-clad lady. He was soon relaxed but still a little flushed as we sat chatting in the shade.

It turned out that our house was John's last job that day, so Donna suggested that he join us in the pool to cool off. John blushed as he explained that he didn't have any swimwear. "Not a problem," said Donna as she leapt to her feet and began to pull John's singlet over his head. "Just wear your jocks," she said with a devilish smile.

You should have seen the look on his

forum

face as Donna unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped his fly.

John sculled the last of his lemonade and dived into the pool wearing only his black jocks. When they both surfaced, Donna swam up to John and put her hands behind his head, pulled his mouth on to hers and kissed him long and hard before playfully pushing him away.

John looked at me nervously. I smiled and motioned for us to move to the spa. I slipped into the spa alongside Donna and whispered: "Go on, do it now." She sat between us, stroking my thigh, and, I suspect, stroking John's as well. I discreetly undid her bikini top as she floated in the warm, bubbling water. Supporting Donna so that her cool, hard nipples were just peeking out of the water, I latched my mouth on to one. John didn't need any more encouragement and was soon sucking hard on the other. I backed off to enjoy my Power's Dry while John went to work on both my wife's breasts. He seemed barely able to control himself as he roughly squeezed her breasts.

When Donna could take no more, she pulled John's face up to hers and kissed him hard again before slowly but purposefully running her tongue down his neck and along his chest. Now she was giving his nipples hell, biting and licking

as he had done, whilst she removed his jocks. John lifted himself out of the water and Donna's tongue continued winding its way down his body, past his navel, nipping and licking as it went. She skilfully avoided the swollen head of his hard young cock as she took each of his balls into her mouth, forcing him to endure the exquisite ecstasy of her lips and tongue everywhere except the place he wanted it most — on the head of his cock.

She soon had John at the point where he couldn't take much more. Donna slowly slid the tip of her tongue up along the underside of his steel rod. Finally, she engulfed his cock head with her mouth. John couldn't help but begin to buck his hips as he was helplessly and mercilessly drawn nearer to the point of no return.

At precisely the right moment, Donna cupped his swollen young balls and squeezed firmly, forcing him to experience a curious mixture of pain and pleasure which I know only too well.

He let out a cry of surprise, followed by a moan of relief, as he began to pump his hot load into Donna's waiting mouth. She continued to suck hard on his pulsing cock while gently massaging his now tender balls, milking every last drop of come from him.

John seemed reluctant as Donna moved to kiss him on the mouth afterwards, but this is the price a man must pay for one of her incredible head

jobs. All in all, it was a fruitful afternoon. Donna got to live out her fantasy and I got the lawns mowed quickly. — *Name and address withheld*

Sisterly love

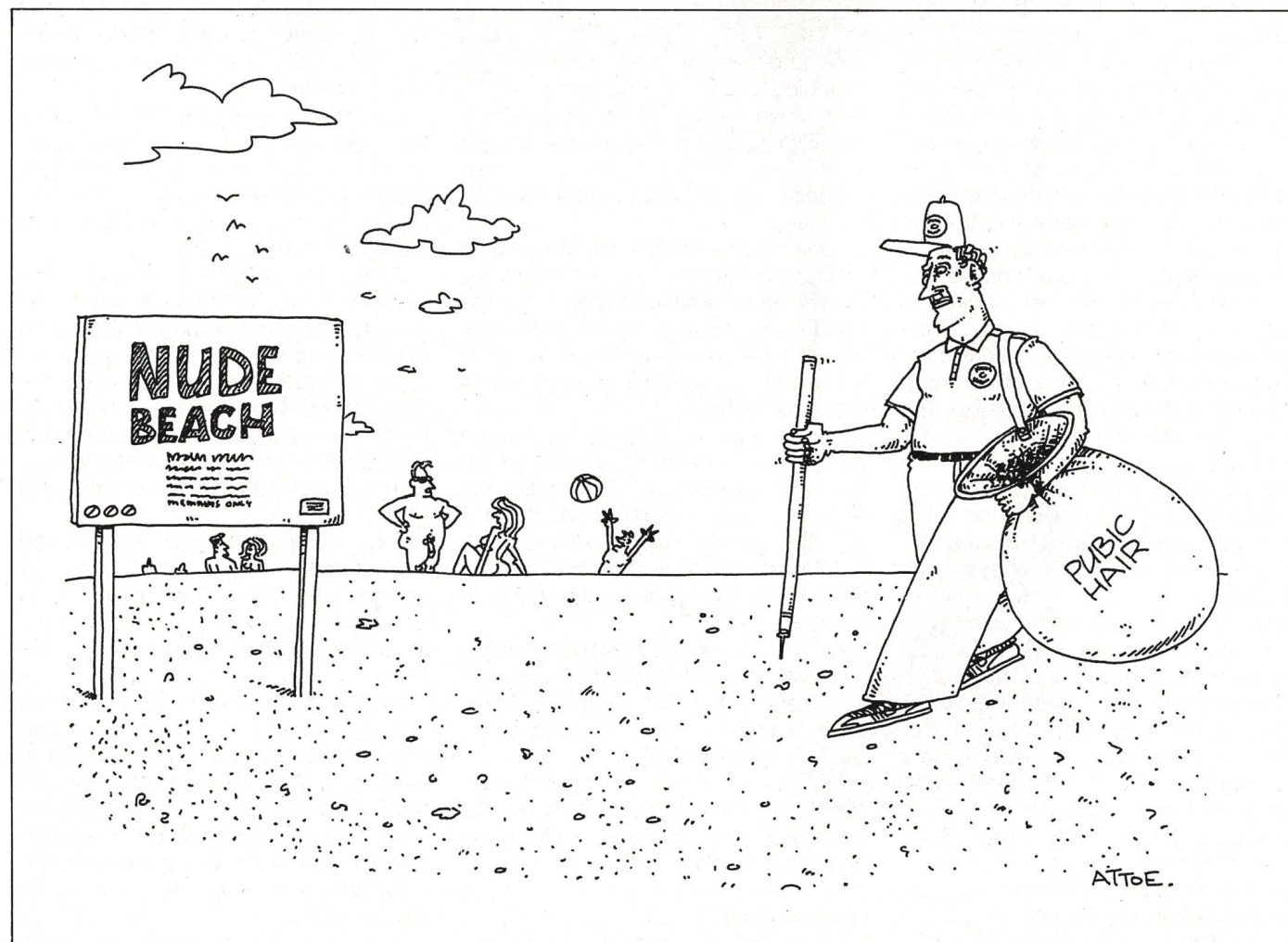
I am a 35-year-old, tall brunette with a 36-25-36 figure which is firm and curvy in all the right places. My husband says I look like Michelle Pfeiffer. He is two years older, slim and very fit from regular running. We have what I think is a good sex life.

Recently my sister came to stay with us when her marriage ended. She is four years younger than me, blonde, about 165cm tall with a very trim figure. She was pretty upset and ended up staying with us for over three months.

Occasionally John, my husband, and I have discussed our sexual attractions to other people, though only in an abstract sense. So I was aware that he found my sister, Marina, very attractive.

About a month after Marina had come to stay, the three of us got talking about sex and the subject of threesomes came up. To my surprise both John and Marina said that they found the idea exciting. Over a period of some weeks we would often return to the subject and as we did so, I found my objections to it receding and my excitement at the possibility rising.

Continued on page 120



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MODERN MAN FRONT

BATCH PAD HELL

A real guide to the single man's digs

We're getting a little tired of having to deal with the married man's twisted psyche.

Here at the Modern Man desk we are hearing too many tall yarns from hitched blokes about how fun it was to be single — which is great coming from a guy who will live longer, be happier and have less stress from the one simple act of saying "I do."

And having a better lot than his single counterpart doesn't encourage the married bloke to shut up and count his blessings. No way. The married guy likes to hang around bachelors and tell them how

GARDEN: Bachelor pad gardens get lawns mowed on a regular basis — that is, they are regularly cut immediately after the warning of an inspection by the landlord. There is so much rubbish lying at the bottom of the jungle that the mower will put fist-sized holes in the weatherboards of houses across the street as the house-proud bachelor scythes through bicycle

money and a sense of self-respect can reduce a normal kitchen to a feeding-trough for cockroaches in a matter of days. The first to go is the fridge, which leaks stinking trails of liquid across the mangy lino-tile floor that is always covered in a sticky, invisible scum that rips the hungover man's slippers from his feet. The fridge is ignored as a food storage area after a few weeks.

"Everything from tinea pedis to plantar warts is shared. . ."

when *he* was single his crosscourt forehands were unreturnable, his libido was insatiable and how he drove sports cars at monstrously irresponsible speeds.

But the husbands of this world push friendship to the limit when they glorify one of the memories that most single blokes have to live with day to day. Because husband-types can slink home to warmth, cleanliness and Love, but when the single bloke returneth he has to deal with a reality that husbands can just dream of — the Bachelor Pad.

Here at the Modern Man desk, we are not scared of the truth — we embrace it. And this, for the official record, is the real guide to bachelor pads — warts and all.



chains, beer bottles, ballbearings and pieces of the dismantled washing machine that the resident Mister Fix-It abandoned three-and-a-quarter minutes after completely stripping it down. The well-dressed bloke wears a flack jacket, cricket pads and box and a crash helmet when doing the lawns, and learns to throw himself to the ground when those ominous clanking sounds increase in speed from deep within the machine.

KITCHEN: Even single men with

Because none of the bachelors can spare ten seconds, the kitchen becomes a rubbish dump. And not just any dump. Most bachelor pads have a policy whereby a rubbish bag cannot be taken outside until it has been stuffed with three times the amount of garbage it can physically engulf. If you encounter a kitchen without rat-shit or maggots around an overflowing green Glad-Bag, then you know at least one female lives there.

BATHROOM: If you can find a

Illustration by Drahtos Zak

BATCH PAD HELL

bath under two year's worth of dirt, shit and foot-scum, then you're a commercial cleaner. Funnily enough, bachelors enjoy taking baths, but will wait until one of the flatmate's girlfriends cleans the tub. When this happens the tub will see a flurry of use until it becomes grubby again. With shower booths, there is no such thing as personal hygiene — everything from tinea pedis to plantar warts is shared.

Fungal shower booths are favoured by the bachelor because he can leave finger-painted messages to flatmates in the moulding filth creeping up the walls. The lino always peels away in the ever-damp Batch Bathroom, the toilet cistern never, ever, stops refilling and the paint peels from the ceiling. There's never any soap in the dish, and as soon as a flatmate

buys a new bar of Palmolive Gold, it is instantly transformed into a magnet for axle grease, pubic hairs and toe-nail clippings. The basin's plug is always lost and there's a constant scum of soap, stubble and blood from shaving nicks around the sink.

LIVING ROOM: You smell the bachelor's living room before you see it. Not only because the gentlemen of the house never got 'round to changing the one-and-only light bulb, but because a visitor smells the old socks, vapid beer, cigarette ash and cat piss before she can actually see anything. The furniture is always early-Seventies mustard-coloured vinyl lounge sets with swivel easy chairs that unfailingly have a missing or collapsed arm. The poster-art is always James Dean,

Marilyn Monroe and stolen street signs. Bachelors always wait exactly six days before emptying ash trays or taking used plates to the kitchen. The television and phone are the only things that work in the whole room. There are no curtains — ever.

Besides the obvious structural problems of several single blokes living in the one dwelling, there are the behavioural and psychological dynamics in the bachelor pad that would keep a bunch of shrinks happy for weeks.

PANTS MAN: Every bachelor pad has one of these. If you're a girl, he's never home. If you're a flatmate, he's never home when there's cleaning, washing-up or rent-paying to be done. Pants Man is the bloke always getting the flatmates to lie to weeping females who have somehow found his telephone number. His shirts are always soaking in the bath and his daily hair trimmings are left all over the wash-basin.

PIG MAN: He's the one responsible for the state of the new soap bar. He never has a towel, so he walks around the flat naked, looking for something to dry himself with. He leaves sugar all over the kitchen after making a simple cup of coffee. He farts, burps, picks his nose in public and pisses all over the toilet seat.

MR FIX-IT: An infuriating breed who tries to "improve" the telly's picture quality just as the footy comes on, or dismantles the toaster that never needed fixing. His building/renovation "skills" are simply a nightmare. He has a habit of "fixing" the flat's only heater at the very beginning of winter.

BACK STABBER: He's the flat bitch. Always misconstruing phone messages, inventing bitchy gossip and greasing up to disaffected girlfriends for The Sympathy Fuck.

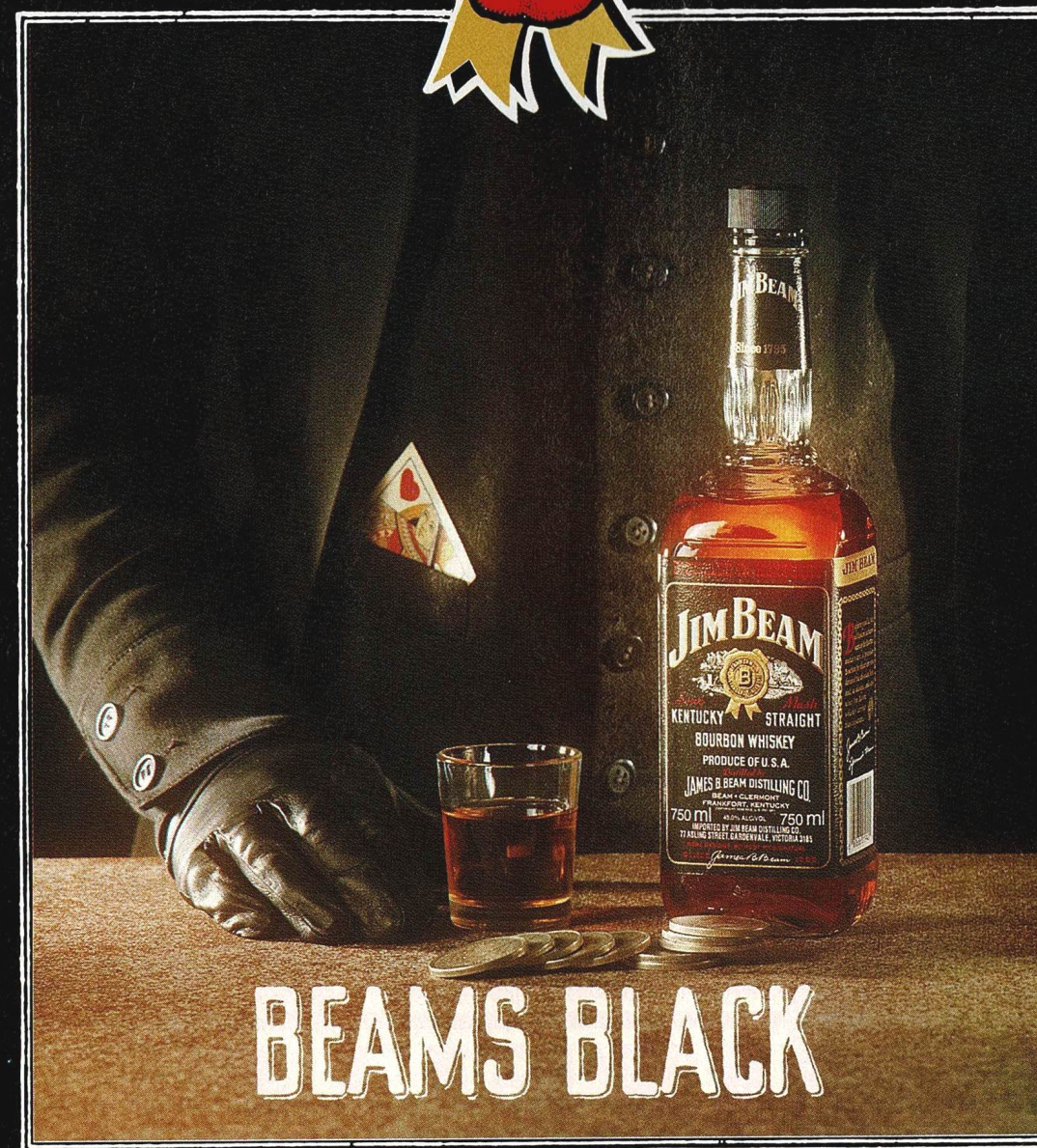
TIGHT-ARSE: He pays too much rent, uses less hot water, doesn't own an electric blanket and never made those 13 calls in a row to his parents' number in Zimbabwe. "No way! It wasn't me!"

And you wonder why husbands live longer. — Mark Abernethy



"I think you're relying too heavily on Japanese management techniques."

JIM BEAM

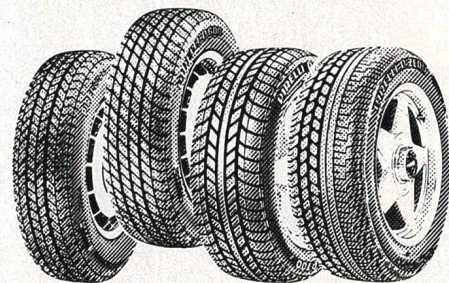


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BEACH EATS

It isn't all peaches and cream beneath the palms

The one thing that has always spoiled the deep-red sunsets that embrace the length of Waikiki Beach has been the food — too much, too sweet and too junk.

Over 500,000 Australians visit the US every year and the lion's share of this figure is commandeered by Hawaii. A gourmet guide to one of our most popular holiday spots is therefore long overdue.

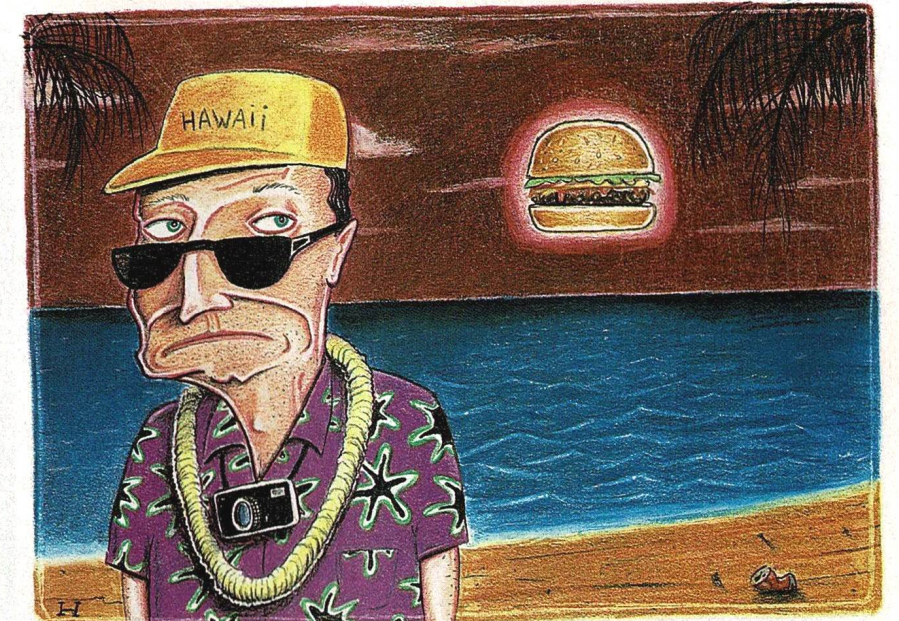
A recent meal at the Bon Appetit restaurant (1778 Ala Moana Boulevard) was so good it was startling, particularly when you recall the rock-bottom days of cuisine in Hawaii when most of the islands' food was flown from the mainland either in cans or frozen.

One of the best Italian restaurants in Waikiki is Baci Ristorante in the Waikiki Trade Centre. All the restaurant's sauces and pasta are prepared on the premises and cooked to order. Look for the charcoal shrimp with feta cheese.

If it's a beautiful beach backdrop you're after with lunch and dinner, you won't do better than the Bali-By-The-Sea restaurant in the Hilton Hawaiian Village where chef Guido Uiman offers such delights as coquille of shrimp and scallops with ginger sauce.

US frozen food has given way to the traditional Tokyo tea-house

Many of Honolulu's Japanese restaurants don't say: "No Caucasians allowed", but the feeling hangs heavy in the air. Not so at Chez Sushi in the Ward Centre where the cooking is caught between two cultures — that is, a small sushi bar with French affectations. Favourites of the trendy clientele are diamyo nabe, shrimp tempura and truffle pate. And sensational, pure sushi is



worth sampling at Kat's Sushi (715 South King Street).

Also at the Ward Centre, Compadres Mexican Bar and Grill acts as a singles bar for professionals seeking quasi-Mex. Top rate margaritas, more nachos than a *hombre* can safely put away, great prawn tortillas, green corn tamales and Mud Pie. Egg 'N Things (436 Ena Road) is one of Honolulu's best kept secrets from breakfast through late-night pick-ups. Cheap, with a corner store charm, the egg roll-up menu includes macadamia nut pancakes, spinach-and-bacon omelette and raisin waffles.

Bargain-basement prices are the lure at Hamburger Mary's Organic Grill (2109 Kuhio Avenue), as well as avocado burgers, chilli burgers and boisterous music. The mood is exactly the opposite at the California Pizza Kitchen where the humble Neapolitan pie is lifted to Olympian heights — goat cheese pizza, Santa Fe pizza, taco pizza — in a black, white and yellow setting that would give the glitzy bars of Barcelona a run for their money.

Health food isn't big in Hawaii but top names to note for healthy, wholesome fare are The Haven (Amfac Building), Hawaiian Bagel Inc (753B Halekawi Street) and The Guiltless Gourmet.

Those desperate for chilli should run down to the celebrity-filled

Bangkok backdrop of Keo's Thai Cuisine (625 Kapahulu Ave) where the absolute things to have are game hen with lemongrass and Chicken Evil Jungle Prince.

The Chinese connoisseur's choice is King Tsin restaurant (1110 McCully Street) for northern Chinese, Szechuan and really good Mandarin. If you want to see the Japanese as they were, the Kyo-Ya restaurant (2057 Kalakaua Ave) shows the myth of the traditional Tokyo tea-house, kimono-clad waitresses and authentic renditions of sashimi, shabu-shabu and udon-suki.

The absolute tops in Diamond Head dining is available at three of the leading hotels. The La Mer restaurant at the Halekulani Hotel boasts chef Phillipe Padaroni, who trained with the legendary Fernand Point in France and really shows it with the assorted seafood platter, sauteed mahimahi in smoked bacon and the strawberry sunburst dessert. At the Maile Restaurant at the Kahala Hilton, local foods are played up in Kona coffee ice-cream, fresh island sashimi and Maile seafood potpourri. The Third Floor Restaurant in the Hawaiian Regent Hotel offers locally-smoked trout, macadamia nut souffle and venison in season.

Contact Northwest Airlines or your travel agent for Hawaiian packages. — Elisabeth King

Illustration by Simon Boshe

BEATING THE TRACK

Enduro riding isn't for the faint-hearted

The scene is a dirt track in the picturesque foothills of the Maleny Range, adjacent to one of Queensland's major assets — the Sunshine Coast. It had been raining for weeks and Austrian enduro champion Walter Kalberer powered his 600cc KTM dirt bike down the nondescript bush track. Minutes later the terrain caught him off guard and he slammed into a tree stump.

An hour later, Kalberer steered into the Corbould Park horse-racing facility at Caloundra, completing the day's 300km ride through energy-sapping bog. He was groggy as he jabbered to his crew and wheeled his machine into the impoundment area.

In the next ten minutes, he removed the rear wheel from the machine, replaced the tyre, re-fitted the wheel and lubricated the chain and other external pivots in preparation for the next day's repeat dose of abuse. Only then did he call for a doctor.

While those in the impoundment area gathered around to watch, Kalberer's blood-covered boot was removed, revealing the grisly sight of a severed big toe resting under

the motorcycle equivalent of car rallies. The entrants follow a course which must be covered in a predetermined time, or else incur demerit points. At various stages of the course, riders must complete "special tests." The special-test sections are timed to the second and the sole object is to cover the section in the shortest possible time.

Sound easy? Well there are a few things which make life a little tougher than expected. For starters, the riders don't have a navigator or a route sheet. Instead, cardboard arrows attached to track-side vegetation guide their way.

The course can range from dirt roads to trackless swamps, stony ridges or open paddocks. Danger signs are used to warn of potential disaster sites. These take the form of a single cardboard marker with an exclamation mark or some other approved code, and what lies beyond a danger sign can be anything from a hidden log to a vertical cliff. When an enduro rider spots a danger sign, he hits the brakes in a big way.

In addition to the riding skills and quick reflexes required, the riders must also be competent mechanics. They have only a ten-minute period in the morning to service or repair their machines and no-one else is allowed to touch the bike. Any track-side repair — from a puncture to a holed crankcase — must be repaired in minutes. The top riders practise for the worst possible outcomes and a puncture repair should take no more than three minutes.

A classic example of what can be achieved was witnessed at a recent European Championship. A rider limped into the overnight impoundment with death rattles coming from his 125cc two-stroke machine. He stripped away the bodywork and exhaust system from the machine before parking it.

In the next morning's work session, the rider (with factory technicians providing advice) removed the barrel from the machine, replaced the piston and rings, refitted the barrel, replaced

"The course can range from dirt roads to swamps, stony ridges or open paddocks. . ."

his instep. Only then did the Austrian concede that he would have to withdraw from the event.

The event was the Australian Bicentennial International four-day enduro in 1988 and Kalberer's demise was a classic saga in enduro racing. To the uninitiated, enduro racing is best described as

Photo by Mark Reed

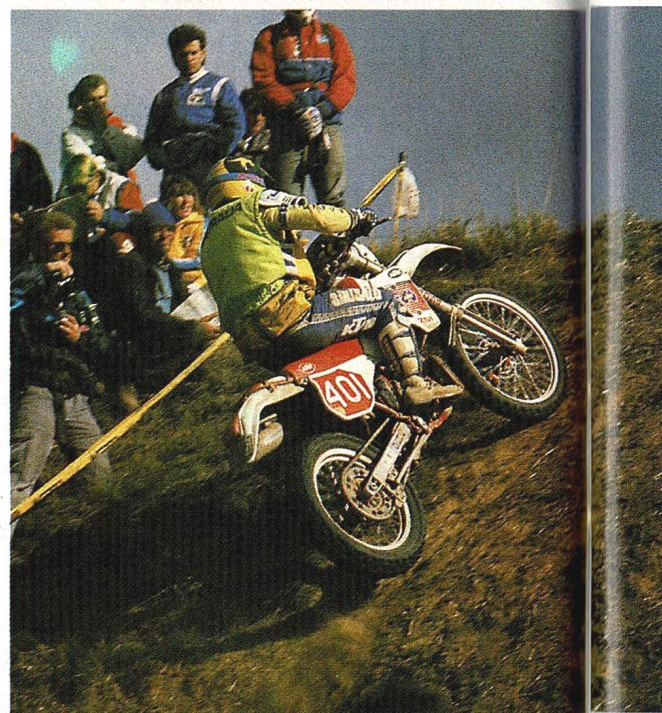
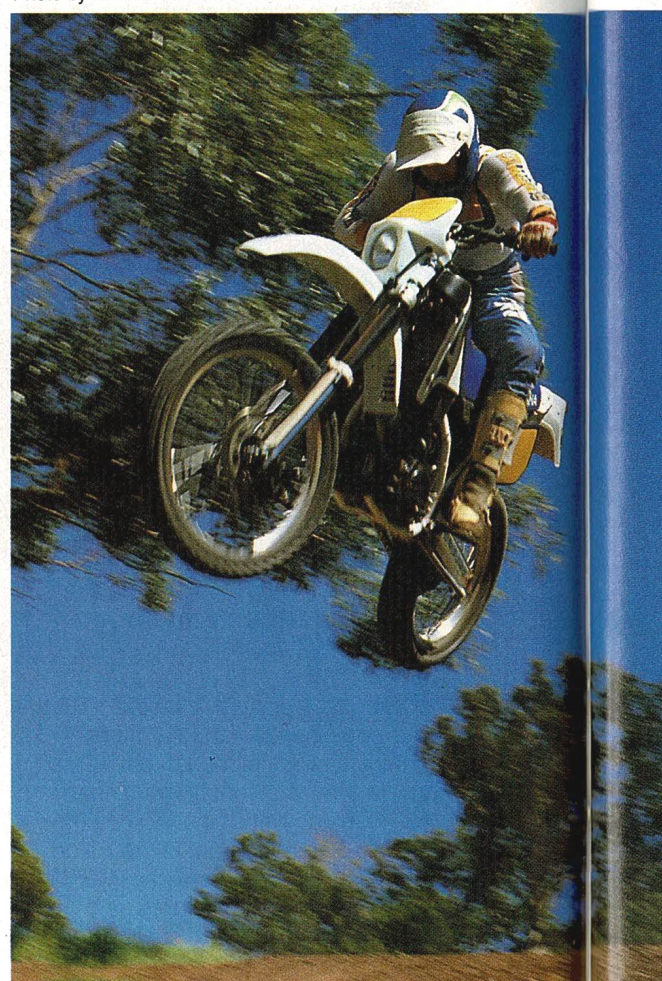


Photo by Greg Findlayson

Photo by Mark Reed



Photo by Greg Findlayson



the entire ignition system, re-fitted the exhaust and bodywork and clocked out of the impoundment area within ten minutes. This amounts to doing the job in less than a tenth of the time that a well-equipped workshop would allow.

To put the endurance aspect of these events into perspective, you have to imagine a 300km highway journey. Then think about converting the highway into dirt tracks you don't know, which can be as rough as the terrain dictates.

Then think about battling the elements for up to ten hours straight while also concentrating on maintaining your average trail speed to allow you to stay on your scheduled time.

Should a rider drop time or only make it to the check points "on time", rest breaks become non-existent. There is no lunch break and refuelling is done at remote check points set-up along the trail.

The sort of people who tackle these events for enjoyment are a

rare breed. There is no prize money involved, so riders seek self-satisfaction and respect as their rewards. The top riders generally fall into two groups — the serious hard men and the wild characters.

As with most adrenalin sports, enduro riders tend to ride hard and play harder. While Australian riders have previously proved themselves to be a match for the best in the world, they have certainly kept the fun angle well in perspective.

Stand on the edge of a trail section at an enduro and you'll be treated to the sight of riders pulling huge wheel stands and whooping it up. It's common to hear the sound of a bike powering through a demanding section to the accompaniment of wild yells — "Yee-ha!" — from the rider.

Australia is about to be switched on to motorcycle enduro in a big way. On August 25 the International Six-Day Enduro (ISDE) will start from downtown Cessnock in the Hunter Valley. This will be the first time in the 67-year history of the event that it's been staged in the Southern Hemisphere. Over 400 competitors representing more than 20 different countries will take part.

The logistics of the event are huge. With roughly four supporters to each international rider, the entire Cessnock region will take on a decidedly cosmopolitan atmosphere during August. By March, all accommodation between Singleton and Newcastle had been booked out and a complete village, to house the 500 officials needed to run the event, was under construction.

While daily spectators can watch the riders tackle the special test sections and also catch them on sections of the trail, the grand finale will be the "final motocross test" on August 30. A standard feature of the ISDE, the test sees each class (from 80cc to 600cc) line up for straight motocross sprints, with final class positions often resting on the outcome. If you're into excitement and spectacle, the Hunter Valley is the place to be during the last week of August. You won't be disappointed. — Mark Reed

COMPULSIVE ADDICTIONS

You can be a hero for more than a day

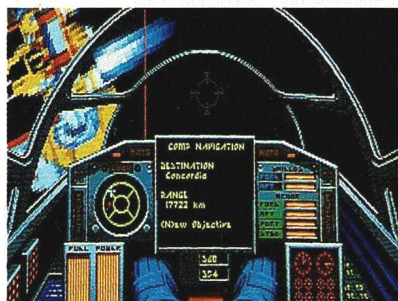
Yeah, I know. Bleary eyes, midnight tan, nervous twitch. I've got all the symptoms, and then some. I don't care. There are missions to fly, enemy ships to blast, planets to explore. You want me to *what*? Do some *work*? Gimme a break, Ed, I'm just about to save the universe!

The boffs call them "role-playing" games and once you've become involved in one (as the hero, naturally), they're kind of hard to put away. Usually you get to take part in an ongoing story, and you have to achieve certain goals (battle some sort of enemy and win) to find out what happens next.

Besides being addictive, games such as these require a hard disk with space on it, a fair whack of RAM and a little patience to learn them. The specs tab on the box will tell you what you need in the way of hardware and software, and the installation card inside will give you greater detail on hard-disk and memory requirements.

WING COMMANDER II

Wing Commander II was released earlier this year as a sequel to the very popular original *Wing Commander*. Although it's been around for a few months already, it's a long-term game and

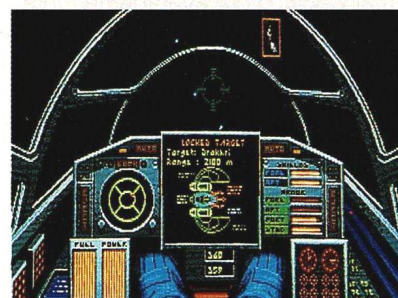


not something you can test in just one evening. I've had it in my PC for more than two months, playing on and off, and I'm still happily hooked. It's one of the most powerful games available — Origin, the manufacturers, call it an "interactive movie." It incorporates high-resolution graphics and optional sound, music and speech (as long as you have the right equipment).

The game takes you to the 27th century, where mankind is locked into a deadly war with the Kilrathi, a militaristic alien race. Leading the fight are the daring pilots of the Terran Confederation, meeting the Kilrathi in their fast, well armed, one-man starfighters.

You join the story as a Confederation pilot accused of treason and banished to security duty on a remote station. The convoluted plot unfolds from there. You get to fly lots of missions, first in a small ship called a Ferret, then in a choice of four other bigger ships. A Ferret is fairly easy to handle, but the other ships carry the real firepower — missiles, torpedoes, blasters, etc. Flying them takes serious co-ordination. Enemy ships are resilient, and sometimes you get killed — spectacularly.

Wing Commander II is a huge



program. Designed primarily for 386 machines, you can use it on a 286 with expanded memory. It takes an hour or more to load, needs a minimum of 12 megabytes of hard-disk space and a minimum of 583,000 bytes of free RAM to run, works better with DOS loaded high and if you have it, expanded memory and sound board. Peripherals such as a speech accessory pack are available, too. *Mindscape*, (02) 899 2277. IBM compatible only. \$109.95.

GATEWAY TO THE SAVAGE FRONTIER

Even our Amiga Man, Brian Bigg, got hooked this month:

Gateway To The Savage Frontier is quite a game for anyone who's ever wanted to lead a group of strange creatures like elves, gnomes and halflings through a vast expanse of dangerous countryside, fighting monsters and magic all the way, just to save the frontier from dark invaders.

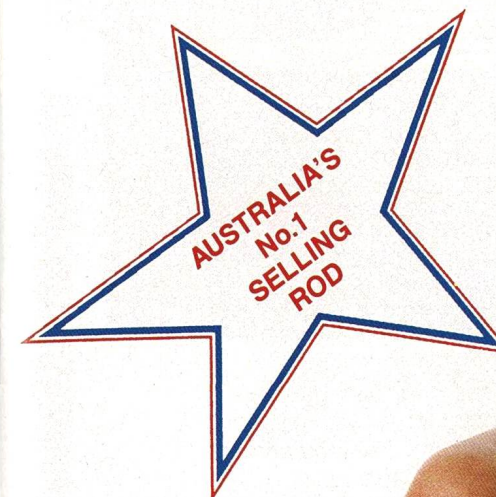
In *Gateway* you lead a group of six characters with different skills through a series of missions. The makers opted for mystical-sounding names like Mithrill, Sundabar and Zhentarim but I called my band of merry men (and a woman) Dazza, Phil, Barnesy, Chocko, Maureen and Dave. A much friendlier bunch.

This game is not for the lover of the quick shoot-'em-up or bash-'em-up. It took me three days of reading the two manuals and the reference card before I could get started. Then it took hours to get comfortable with the way the characters are controlled.

But I'm new to role-playing games. A friend who has led other bands of creatures in other dungeon-and-dragons games jumped straight into *Gateway* and was letting magic fly at monsters with only a cursory glance at the instructions.

Gateway To The Savage Frontier is addictive. The makers say it should take 100 hours to complete. No way! I'm stuck here for months, by the look of it. *Electronic Arts* (075) 911 388. Amiga. \$69.95.

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LETHAL WEAPONS

Car safety in Australia has a long way to go

How safe are our cars? Statistically, not as safe as air travel, the airlines are quick to tell us. But the statistics confirm that motoring in Australia has never been safer. The road toll is going down as our population rises.

The modern car is a far more secure machine in which to travel than the vehicle of even ten years ago. It will give you a greater chance of avoiding a crash thanks to its more refined suspension, steering and braking. And, should it be involved in a crash, it will better protect its occupants.

But this is not to suggest that motor-car safety cannot be improved further. A safe car is one with a competent driver in charge; the capacity of a modern, well-engineered car to stay away from other vehicles or solid objects is ultimately determined by the person at the wheel.

On the roads, there are many crashes but few accidents. Someone is usually to blame.

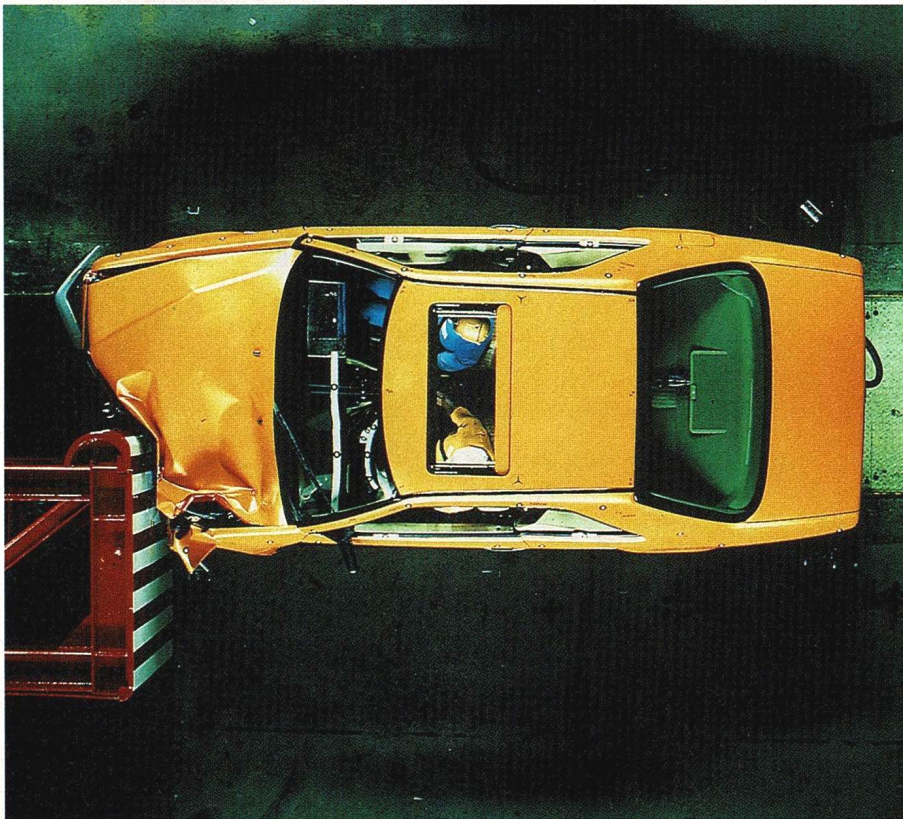
Dynamically, the car of today is generally quite responsive, but still more can be done to protect driver and passengers in the event of a serious impact.

The last great leap forward in road safety was the introduction of legislation to make the wearing of seat belts compulsory in the early Seventies. Consequently, Australian motorists and their passengers stopped killing and maiming themselves with the same frequency.

Even at relatively low speeds, a sudden impact creates dreadful destruction on an unrestrained human body.

Air bags — cushions in the hub of the steering wheel which inflate instantly when the car is involved in a collision, preventing serious facial, neck and chest injuries — loom as a very worthy boon to front-seat vehicle safety. But in Australia only a handful of cars — all of them very pricey — are so equipped, and the Federal Government bewilderingly subjects such safety items to import duty.

Bags are standard on the Mercedes S-class and 500SL,



BMW 7-series and 850i, Lexus LS 400, and Honda Legend and NSX models. They are optional in the new up-market Volvo 900 series cars (at a very reasonable \$1500), all other Mercedes (at an excessive \$3808) and in some of the smaller and mid-sized BMWs.

Poor folk who cannot afford expensive cars are apparently expendable.

It is frustrating that our legislators can't find sufficient advantages in air bags to promote their use, or to offer incentives to car makers to include them on models sold here.

The situation is very different in the US where the effectiveness of air bags has been validated time and time again and the most humble of American cars are often equipped with the balloon-like bags.

Except for the left-hand-drive export-model Ford Capri, not one Australian-made car has air bags fitted, even as an option. Ford Australia claims the air bag in the Capri sold in the US is not suitable for Australia. Ford's Ian Vaughan

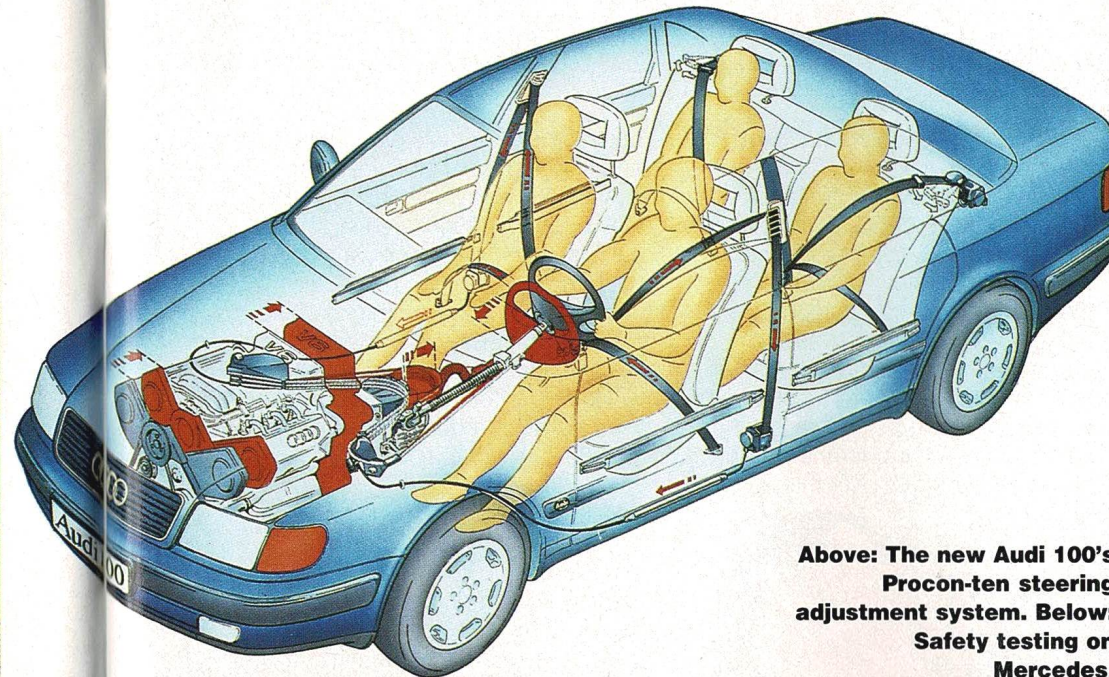
says the Capri's air bag was designed for American conditions in which only about 50 percent of drivers wear seat belts.

Mr Vaughan explains that making bags suitable for use with belted drivers is a complex engineering task. "What is being considered and developed and what will

"Poor folk who cannot afford expensive cars are apparently expendable. . ."

probably go into Australian cars is something known as the Eurobag, which is smaller and designed to work in conjunction with seat belts," he says.

Holden's chief engineer, Mr Don



Above: The new Audi 100's Procon-ten steering adjustment system. Below: Safety testing on Mercedes.



Wylie, says the move to air bags is inevitable. All Holdens, he believes, will be offered with bags within three or four years.

The use of air bags has been strongly recommended in a 1991 survey of 227 crashes by Monash University's Accident Research

Centre for the Federal Office of Road Safety.

The study found that interior fittings and features of modern cars were often responsible for injuries to drivers and passengers. Researchers identified a number of problem areas, including hard and

unyielding steering wheels and dashboards.

Externally the insufficient strength of some car panels and structural supports, and the poor choice of materials in some cases, were also matters of concern. Not surprisingly, the risk of injury was found to be greater in small vehicles than in large ones.

Steering wheels were often associated with head, chest and abdominal injuries to drivers. The steering wheel assembly was distorted or destroyed in 28 percent of the crashes studied.

Brittle plastic materials used in instrument panels were responsible for injuries to both passengers and drivers. They often disintegrated on impact, leaving sharp edges which caused damage to upper limbs, chest and abdomen.

Other problem areas highlighted in the report included windscreens which shattered, consoles with protruding switches and brackets and badly-padded door and roof surfaces.

The report recommends improvements in almost every area but, fancifully perhaps, suggests some radical innovations, including a computer-style mouse or joystick arrangement to replace the traditional steering wheel.

It suggested that heavily padded wheels would at least soften the impact for the driver. It also backed any move towards the installation of air bags.

Federal Land and Transport Minister Bob Brown, who has shown some tardiness on the matter of pushing along the introduction of air bags in Australia, said studies into the report's recommendations would be commissioned to determine which changes should be imposed on Australian vehicles. No hurry, Bob.

Australia's ancient motor vehicle population — with an average age of nearly 12 years — can also be blamed for a good proportion of road deaths and serious injuries. The older cars lack the high dynamic safety standards of the

Continued on page 128

To Fix Or Not To Fix

Riding the mortgage merry-go-round

What's best for a home mortgage? A fixed or a variable rate? It's a bugger of a question and, if you're ever asked it, go to all lengths to avoid giving a clear answer. It's best treated as if it were one of those profound questions on the meaning of life to which the wise answer is: "Be blown if I know."

The decision is like pouring concrete: once it's done it's done and let no man put it asunder. Until, of course, you realise your mistake, and your losses, and renegotiate.

The answer will vary from borrower to borrower, and occasionally from the same borrower. A fixed rate gives assurance. It allows the future to be foreseen and planned. It can be a rock in times of high interest. Its immutability is its strength and, when it comes to the biggest single expenditure you'll ever make in your life, there's a lot to be said for resting that outlay on a foundation of concrete.

Then again, concrete can be a dead weight. Here are the "facts": The average home mortgage lasts only six or seven years, so why tie yourself down to a long-term rate and forgo opportunities for even lower rates? Recent history shows interest rates to be extremely volatile.

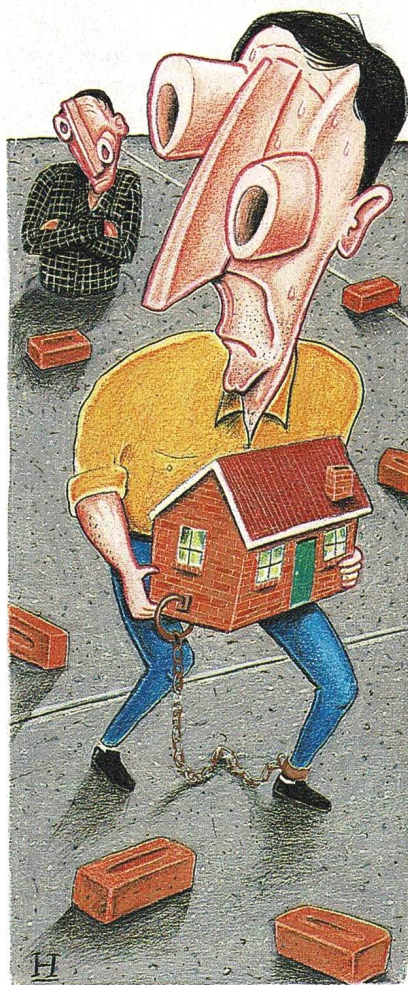
Interest rates may be lower than they've been for some time, but the odds are good that they'll get even lower, so why lock into a high one?

Variable rates are one or two points cheaper than fixed rates (at the moment) because the banks like to lay out the honey, trap the bees and then. . . But we're smarter than they are and we'll get out before they really put the squeeze on, won't we? (Then discover that all rates — not just the variable-rate loans — have gone up.)

My crystal ball is cloudy. What the future holds (*al hamdu-lillah*, as they say in the East), I cannot descry. Maybe 9.75 percent will be a high rate for the next decade. Therefore fixing that as your rate on a mortgage that you — as an upwardly-mobile young chap — are

likely to pay out sooner than later is a bad thing to do.

Nor is the road to perfect bliss a smooth one. Probably, interest rates will be generally lower for the next few years than they have been for the past few years. But the hiccups of higher-than-usual interest can occur within that period and last for many months — maybe just those months you have settled on buying a house. Do you opt for the security of a fixed, though higher than



medium-term, rate? Or take the punt on the trend and go for the variable? Answer: It depends.

Don't forget there are kill fees: penalties the lenders, quite iniquitously, I believe, lay on you for paying out your loan earlier than planned for. If you are likely to renegotiate your loan, as a general rule, avoid the lenders with big kill fees. This usury is a result of the modern banking practice of

bundling up handfuls of mortgages and flogging them off to investors.

A usury it is; avoidable it isn't. Kill fees ought to be included in your calculations. (Hint: If the early payout penalty is two or three months' interest, it may be possible to make a lump-sum repayment of some of the principal and then, a month or two later, pay out the complete loan itself, at much reduced penalties. Just don't tell your lender what you're doing.)

But really, it all depends on what you want, what you are and what you reckon. Do you want to be running around chasing the odd half-point here, the better deal there, forever open to the blast of runaway inflation, a credit squeeze, a new round of monetarism? Could you live with a 25-year mortgage with an interest rate you know will never change when it is quite

"Don't forget there are kill fees for paying off your loan early. . ."

possible that, had you waited, you could have got it a half or one point less?

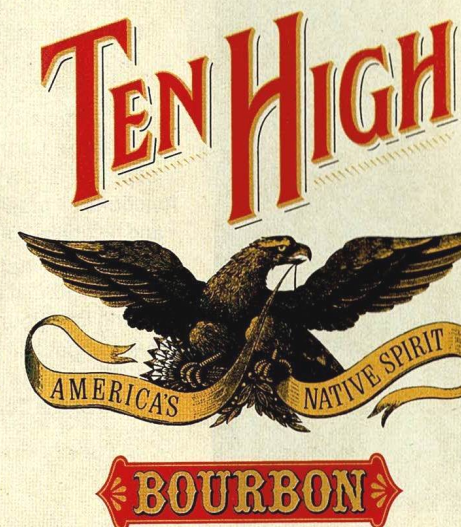
Or do you have better things to worry about? With electronic salary deductions and a fixed-rate loan you need never even think about your mortgage again. And really, if you could afford the bloody thing in the first place, and haven't gone off half-cocked, then, barring catastrophe, you'll be able to go on affording it until it's paid off.

Which is the great advantage of the fixed rate: You know the cost. This knowledge security comes at a cost, the cost of forgoing the flexibility to get a better deal — if one comes along. And there is no guarantee that one will come along.

— David Quicksilver

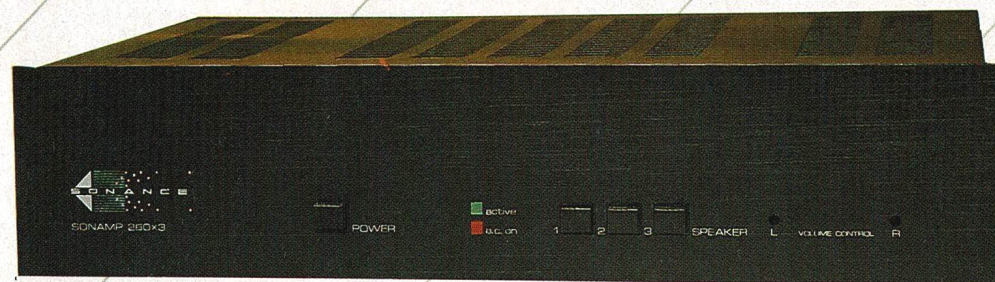


SOME THINGS DON'T CHANGE.
SOME THINGS DON'T HAVE TO.



RICH, MELLOW, AUTHENTIC KENTUCKY BOURBON. AMERICA'S NATIVE SPIRIT.

The price for being a purist is rising, especially for photographers. Leica's new R6.2 represents the ultimate in manual 35mm cameras, but the price tag is \$5500 and that's before you add a lens. Mind you, spending 5K buys a camera which will last a lifetime, withstand any abuse and — in the right hands — deliver superlative results. Features of the R6.2 include a 1/2000-second shutter (mechanical, so it's not battery-dependant), spot or full-average metering, multiple exposure facility and depth-of-field preview. If you want action, a motordrive is available as an optional accessory. On the subject of sports photography, you might like to consider Leica's Apo-Telyt 400mm f2.8 lens . . . yours for \$21,500.



Piping soft music into a bedroom or bathroom isn't so easy if your hi-fi system's amplifier only has one set of speaker terminals. American studio company Sonance has come up with the serenader's delight in the form of the Sonamp 260x3. Yup, you've guessed it, the "x3" means it can power three sets of loudspeakers and in any combination. Depending on the load, the Sonamp is rated for outputs of 60, 100 or 125 watts per channel and can be daisy-chained with additional units for anybody who wants to turn their entire house into a sound system. Expect to pay around \$1100. From Concept Audio.



An instant home theatre straight out of the box is the promise with Kenwood's FV-7 component system which just needs to be coupled to a TV set to deliver the goods. The FV-7 components are a multi-disc player which handles all disc formats from CD singles to long-playing video discs, six-channel amplifier, AM/FM stereo tuner, cassette deck with Dolby HX Pro and three-way loudspeakers. Surround sound adds extra realism to movie soundtracks, or it's possible to select acoustic effects to replicate an outdoor concert venue, disco, church or jazz club. Interestingly, Kenwood has devised a system which enables the surround effect to be created with just the front speakers. This big box of tricks will set you back \$3999 from Kenwood Electronics Australia.

It's not as thick as some. Sharp's Slim Cam packs the full-size VHS video format into the most compact camcorder yet. Otherwise known as the VL-SX80, the SlimCam weighs just 1.7kg and is only 80mm in width, which makes it easy to handle and transport. At the business end is a 12X zoom with a colour viewfinder, 1/10,000-second shutter, AV fader, add-on video light (supplied) and a self-timer. And the SlimCam is more than just a beautiful body; artificial intelligence is applied to the focusing, exposure and white balance functions for greater accuracy and flexibility. Obviously the main advantages of the full-size VHS format are a longer playing time (four hours) and full compatibility with home VCRs. All this costs \$2050 from Sharp Corporation of Australia.



Sing along with Hitachi. The Japanese have a lot to answer for and one of these things is karaoke. You can do it in style with Hitachi's VTM-777EM VCR which adds a range of digital effects to turn you into Neil Diamond/Prince/Kylie/Freddie Mercury (strike out where not applicable). Better still, the 777 plays NTSC tapes to accommodate authentic Japanese karaoke tapes. Other features include auto head cleaning (the VCR's), full remote control, on-screen displays, built-in titling and a range of editing facilities (just as well). From Hitachi Sales Australia.



One for those on a tighter budget. Canon's EOS 1000FN sells for around \$850 complete with 35-80mm zoom lens and is fully automated. It includes a built-in flash. A new film winding mechanism is ultra-quiet so, in concert with Canon's silent-running USM lenses, the 1000FN is just the machine for unobserved (and unheard) photography. Features include 1/2000 second shutter, multi-zone metering, a choice of nine exposure modes and a comprehensive liquid crystal display. A nice little touch; self-timer countdown can be accompanied by music from Bach, Beethoven or Vivaldi rather than the basic tuneless beep. Would we lie to you?



Forget tapes. The video movie format of the future is LaserDisc and to give some idea of this format's growing popularity, there's already a choice of nearly 20 players available in Australia. One of these is Sony's MDP-333, which conveniently also plays all formats of compact discs. The beauty of video LaserDisc is superb performance (440 line resolution from the MDP-333), digital sound, instant access to any point on the disc and a virtually indefinite lifespan (as with CD). Sony's machine is fully remote controlled and has a dual-speed job control for frame-by-frame picture search. The price tag is \$999 from Sony Australia.



WILD THING

The Troggs ride again

The dissemination of the *Troggs Tapes* in the early Eighties helped to refurbish the career of those Sixties chart-toppers, albeit on a cult level. Their recent burst of energy on *Athens Andover* (Page One/Castle) comes from a judicious pairing by producer Larry Page who started with the Troggs and the Kinks. At Page's instigation REM, carrying on the vein of their Hindu Love Gods, stepped outside their band cloisters for a nominally bizarre but musically secure collaboration.

Well versed in the *Troggs Tapes* (fly-on-the-wall recordings from the Sixties that have become mandatory tour-bus catechism), REM are big fans of the Brits who, in turn, knew little or nothing of these American upstarts. No matter — Troggs leader Reg Presley penned half the disc; Chip Taylor, who wrote "Wild Thing" all those years ago, delivered a vision in hot-pants ("Crazy Annie"); and Page chipped in a couple of songs, as did the American boys.

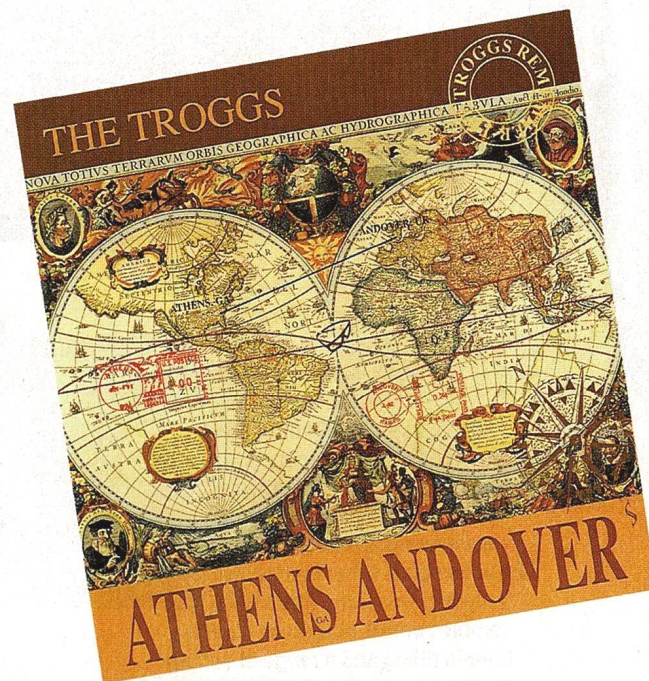
Recorded in Surrey, UK, and REM's hometown, Athens, Georgia, this is essentially the four-piece Troggs with the REM influence surfacing mainly in the acoustic guitars and mandolin. Songs range from the largely acoustic "Crazy Annie" to Page's pounding "Hot Stuff."

David Byrne has had an ongoing love affair with latino rhythms for several years now. He has racked

up a number of retrospective compilations of the original purveyors of these sounds, the most recent being *Cuba Classics 2 — Dancing With The Enemy* (Luaka Bop/Sire). This album exposes the island's dance songs of the Sixties and Seventies, which have been largely unheard by the rest of the world. This commitment to bring the rhythm and melodies of South America to the West has pervaded his own releases since *Rei Momo* in 1989. But the subject matter of that album and Byrne's latest cultural collage, *uh-oh* (Sire) relies solely on his own idiosyncratic muse.

On the previous release Byrne opted for the talents of English rock producer Steve Lillywhite (U2) and he has gone for a similar ploy here, using another Pom, Nick Launay, who cut his production teeth on the likes of Midnight Oil and INXS. Byrne uses less of a passing parade of percussion and brass this time by allowing a core band — including Australian keyboard player Ashley Cadell, New Orleans bassist George Porter Jr (the Meters), and just three percussionists — to frequent all tracks.

Stan Ridgeway is now an established raconteur of B-movie proportions. He is back, gazing into his *Partyball* (IRS), exposing pimples on the bottom of the American dream. Notions of extra terrestrial escape from the everyday "Overlords" comes with beach-party



boogie darkened to serve as the triumphal march of some forgotten Pharaoh — a work song for the resigned and aware. This theme is pursued in "I Wanna Be A Boss" and a vision of "Beyond Tomorrow" which demonstrates Mr Ridgeway's escape valve — frivolity in the face of futility.

With the E Street lads truly released from active service, Bruce "The Boss" Springsteen finally hit the studio with a core of studio alumni. The change hasn't really led to any new turf, but neither has it stifled his output. *Human Touch* (Columbia) was slick and in the can when Bruce got a sudden surge of some *Lucky Town* (Columbia) home truths. With Bruce handling most of the instrumental chores on the second offering, there is surprisingly little musical change between the two albums, but some homey, heartfelt images.

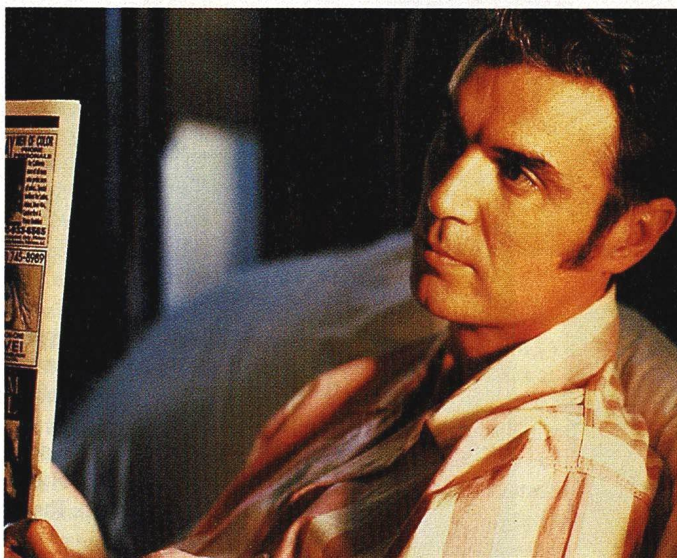
Famous for providing anthems for the heartland of Americana, probably the most "relevant" song of his initial outburst concerns being perched on a hill above the new Jungland of LA (having split the Joisey shore), fantasising moodily about putting a bullet through his television when there are "57 Channels And There's Nothing On."

Andrew Pendlebury, touted as one of our pre-eminent guitarists, is very much the quiet contender compared to the whiz-bang, look-no-hands approach of technical giant

Tommy Emmanuel. If AP's previous attempt at atmospheric strumming proved to be too soporific, have no fear. *Don't Hold Back That Feeling* (East West) breathes with life and spontaneity. Instrumental tracks alternate with different vocalists like Deborah Conway and Kate Ceberano, who put down their vocals before the other band tracks.

"A nominally bizarre but musically secure collaboration"

Fellow former band mate to Pendlebury, Martin Armiger, who has excelled in soundtrack and production work since being a Sporting guitarist, has fleshed out *Gondwanaland Project's* distinctive didgeridoo, synth and percussive format on *Wide Skies* (East West) with a Chinese string player and the wilful, evocative viola of Cleiss Pearce. Fears of being overproduced, from some corners of G'land, which may have delayed release, have proved to be unfounded. — Jeremy Cook



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ARSEHOLE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

Altman bares his teeth at Tinseltown

Usually, when Hollywood purports to gaze up its own clacker the resulting view comes sugar-coated. Tinsel and glamour all the way, the occasional addition to A-grade Columbian cocaine or too much 15-year-old scotch — but nothing that can't be remedied by a spell with all the other messed up beautiful people in Betty Ford's, and then tied up with a happy ending.

Aside from Bill Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*, the 1950 Academy Award-winning black comedy that dared to reveal a few pustules on the Hollywood posterior, the ugliest screen evocation of Star City's essence would seem to have been Ethel Merman belting out "There's No Business Like Show Business".

Now, by the way of redress, comes *The Player*, the scalpel-sharp, wittily scripted lunge at the lead heart of Tinseltown and its behind-the-scenes wheeler-dealing.

Veteran director Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*, *Nashville*) bites the fickle hand that has fed him and his calibre of films only sparingly over recent years, with the aid of a screenplay by Michael Tolkin, based on his own novel about the shabby antics of Hollywood's all-powerful deal-makers.

The "player" is young studio exec Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), smooth as oiled silk and as callous as they come. He's himself burdened by his accidental murder of a scriptwriter whom he believed was sending him death threats. (Mill, with a few drinks under his belt, drowns the whining writer in a puddle in a parking lot.)

With a cop on his tail (Whoopi Goldberg, who's a pleasant surprise for a change), but with no concrete evidence to link him to the murder, Mill gets on with the bloody business of being top shark in the pool, stomping on heads and covering his arse. But the death threats keep on coming...

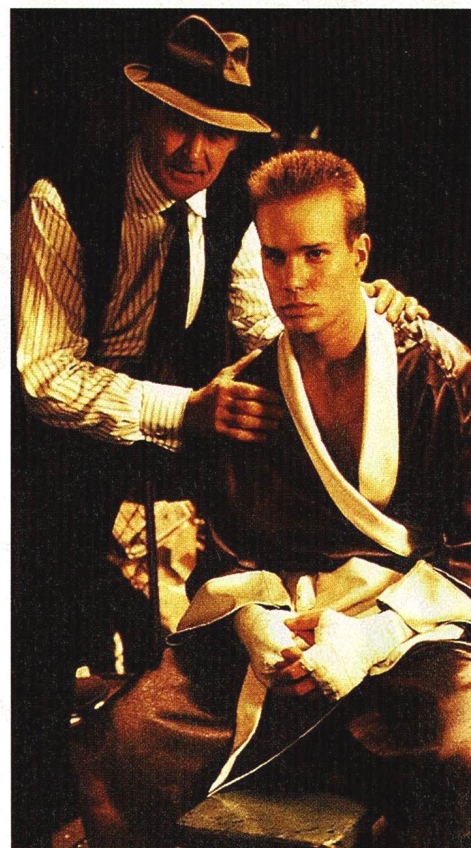
The intrigue is played out amid a tableau featuring your proverbial galaxy of stars. Julia Roberts, Cher, Bruce Willis, Burt Reynolds, Nick Nolte, Anjelica Huston and more make cameo appearances as themselves. Then there are quality char-

acter players like Richard E. Grant, Dean Stockwell, and the almost always horizontal Greta Scacchi as the — surprise, surprise — carnal interest. Gorgeous Greta gets it on again with the leading man, but director Altman's treatment of the coupling differs from most mainstream fare these days in that it draws its eroticism from what it *doesn't* show. We're talking titillation without the tits.

Beyond the glitter of its celestial cast and the appeal of a decent plot that observes the conventions of movie entertainment (murder, mystery, sex, *et al*), it is *The Player's* script that shines brightest. Smart and cynically observed, it is lavishly sprinkled with throwaway lines that capture the soullessness of many whose business it is to shape the fantasies of the masses.

At once an indictment and a celebration of a singular breed of Hollywood arseholes and those who must dance to their tune, like its central character, *The Player* appears to be getting away with murder. ****

Set in New York, 1952, at the height of the mambo music craze, *The Mambo Kings* is the portrait of two newly arrived Cuban brothers whose love for one another and



Left: James Marshall prepares for battle in the bone-crunching boxing flick *The Gladiator*. Below: The dance floor goes wild to the fiery beat of *The Mambo Kings*.

closeness is only truly apparent in the music they perform together.

Starring Armande Assante (*Q&A*) and Antonio Banderas (*Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*), what may sound

from the outer like schmaltz is in fact a most appealingly sensitive, and at times powerfully emotional, film. Based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Mambo Kings Play Songs Of Love*, by Oscar Hijuelos, it is performed under the debut direction of Arne Glimcher, whose previous credits as an independent producer include *Gorillas In The Mist* and *The Good Mother*. ***

The Gladiator is a film about boxing. Lots of boxing, in fact, and really not much plot to speak of — a formula which, of course, should in no way hamper its success. James Marshall (*Twin Peaks*) is a teenage street tough who, to clear a slur from his pappy's name, gets involved in an illegal boxing racket, forsaking his sweetheart in the process. Bit of thriller interest, bit of an ignoble defeat and incredible comeback, and final showdown with unscrupulous promoter (Brian Dennehy). All liberally served with bone-crunching, cartilage-mashing, tooth-shattering violence. A Fenech fan special. * — C.J. Mackay



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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Cherry pie

I believe that it would be fair to say that 100 percent of males masturbate, or have masturbated in the past (no longer having the need). After recently discussing masturbation with a few females, some have advised that they have never used a vibrator or masturbated. One girl even stated that the thought of masturbating herself makes her feel ill.

I know these girls enjoy good sex with foreplay being an important part, and therefore would certainly enjoy massaging their pussies whilst dreaming about their favourite pin-up boy. Would it be fair to say that 100 percent of females masturbate or have masturbated, or could the above statements be valid? If it is true that not all females have masturbated, what would be a fair ratio of masturbators and non-masturbators?

Who knows? It's not something that women discuss openly, and even though many masturbate, they don't all necessarily admit it. I've never, for instance, heard a group of women comparing brands of vibrators over morning coffee. They might if they were blind drunk, but even then, it would all be in jest. There are certainly some women who don't masturbate, either because of low libido, some religious hangover or simply a lack of acceptance of their own sexuality. I can't imagine how a woman who feels masturbation is disgusting could genuinely enjoy sex.

Women who do masturbate are usually familiar with their bodies and their own sexual needs. I would say that more women masturbate than don't, but we've no statistics to prove it.

Catch 22

I have an unusual problem which has been plaguing my sex life for years. I'm 28 and single. Basically, I only feel sexually attracted to women who don't like me. The



Bent dick

I was interested to read the letter in the February 1992 Penthouse from the bloke who has a bent penis. I, too, have a similar problem, but I think it stems from having massive erections while wearing tight trousers. My erect penis has a prominent kink in it about half-way down. I think it developed in my early teenage years when I would get huge erections without being able to relieve myself. The top half of my penis deviates 30 to 40 degrees to the left. Is this condition what one would call a "broken penis"?

My symptoms are similar to the guy who wrote to you — my penis is only bent when it is partially or fully erect. When it is erect I can bend it all the way back on to my left thigh. But I can't bend it the other way. Is that normal? I can still get erections, but it can ache a bit after an extended period of time — I don't know whether that's normal, either.

Are broken penises very common? Is there any way of repairing it and if so, how much does it cost? In porn movies all the guys have large, straight penises. I've never seen a bent one before, so you can understand that I was quite relieved to read that letter (and surprised — I thought I was the only one in the world who has that problem).

I'm almost 30 and I haven't had a woman yet because I'm afraid to show my disfigured penis. How would a bent penis hold up during intercourse?

As I said in the reply to the letter which you mention, lots of men have curved penises when erect. Some curve to the left, some to the right and some inwards towards the stomach. Others, like those of the porn stars, stand upright. But porn stars are chosen as an ideal — they are not necessarily the norm.

You left out one crucial piece of information in your letter — besides being curved, does your penis function normally? You say you haven't had intercourse with a woman, but presumably you masturbate? If you can keep an erection comfortably during masturbation, then you should have no trouble with intercourse.

Regarding your broken penis questions: it isn't common. The old pole is designed to take a beating. A broken penis is one in which the tissue is quite severely damaged, and usually results from accidents such as having it kicked or hitting it hard against something.

The penis itself is composed of three "compartments" — the corpus cavernosa, two cylindrical blood sinuses that form the erectile tissue, and a third, the corpus spongiosum, which surrounds the urethra. If the blood supply to one of the corpus cavernosa is reduced, it can cause the penis to curve anywhere from slightly to quite a lot. As I've said, lots of men have curved penises and enjoy active sex lives in spite of it.

If you really think that your penis is damaged, or are so worried about it that you avoid sex, then you should consult a urologist who will either reassure you that there is nothing wrong with you, or suggest treatment.

Little squirt

My wife and I thoroughly enjoy our sex life together. Recently while experiencing multiple orgasms, juice has literally flooded out of her body. We both enjoy this, but are curious as to how and where this comes from.

Female ejaculation does happen, although it is quite rare. The boffins haven't done a great deal of research on it, to date. Masters and Johnson admit that

they've heard of it, but seem sceptical, citing "stress incontinence." Women to whom it happens, who are not familiar with it, are often embarrassed because they think they've wet themselves. However female ejaculation produces a fluid which is not urine, and is thought to originate from glands in the urethra. Women who experience it agree that it's rare and say it's usually the result of prolonged and very intense sexual activity. When it does happen, it's a highly desirable component of orgasm.

Slow train

My hassles are twofold. First, I find it just about impossible to come during sex while wearing a condom; and second, it takes me a long time to come when I'm with a trusted girlfriend and not wearing one. Sometimes I don't come at all. I'm 30 and I never have problems getting an erection unless I am very drunk. I think I've lost sensitivity in my knob. I'm circumcised and I've been told the circumcised dick is much less sensitive than the uncut version. Is this true?

I have also been a big fan of pornography and enjoy masturbating. Could I have lost sensitivity due to excessive wanking? I wonder whether having viewed as much porn as I have has somehow dulled the excitement of sex for me? I've also been known to drink fair amounts of booze on occasion.

Some men do have trouble with condoms,

as they dislike them and the introduction of a condom into sex spoils things for them. Some lose their erections; others, like you, find it takes them longer to come. But your problem goes further. It has been noted that circumcised penises are less sensitive than uncircumcised ones, but only slightly, and not so much that it inhibits orgasm (otherwise there would be an awful lot of frustrated men out there.)

A lot of hard masturbating (or intercourse) over a short period of time can result in a loss of sensitivity, but only temporarily. The same goes for booze, as everybody knows. Too much booze can either prevent you from getting an erection in the first place, or it may inhibit orgasm. You may be right in that your porn habit may have dulled your sexual excitement. This can happen in all sorts of situations, for instance, couples who once had intense sex lives find they've lost the spark. You don't say how often you masturbate. It's unlikely that you've permanently damaged your penis through masturbation, but constant masturbation can take the edge off orgasms.

Germ

I have this problem with women. I like to have my cock sucked, but I feel a woman should brush her teeth beforehand. The thought of all those dental germs makes me feel creepy. The same goes for intercourse — a woman should douche first (otherwise I feel I'm sticking my cock into a germ pit). But I am now going out with a woman who says that's crazy. She also wants me to go down on her and/or to sit on my face. This I cannot do. How can I get my girlfriend to see my point of view?

Why should she? Most men who are about to make love to their girlfriends are usually not panicking about sticking their penises into "germ pits." Nor do women think the same of men. Strangers making love might be worried about catching STDs, and therefore use condoms. If it's a specific disease you're worried about, a douche won't protect you. And you are highly unlikely to "catch" something from a woman's mouth just because she hasn't brushed her teeth for a few hours. You do have a problem, in your perception of women. But I'd say it's part of a larger problem which appears to involve a phobia of germs.





"The Mexicans are a passionate people, especially in a place as alive as Acapulco. And being a passionate person has helped me wherever I go in the world," the globe-trotting cocktail waitress says with a grin. The fun-loving girl with the 35-24-36 curves has worked in Europe, Australia, the US and Brazil and mixes with her customers as easily as mixing a drink.

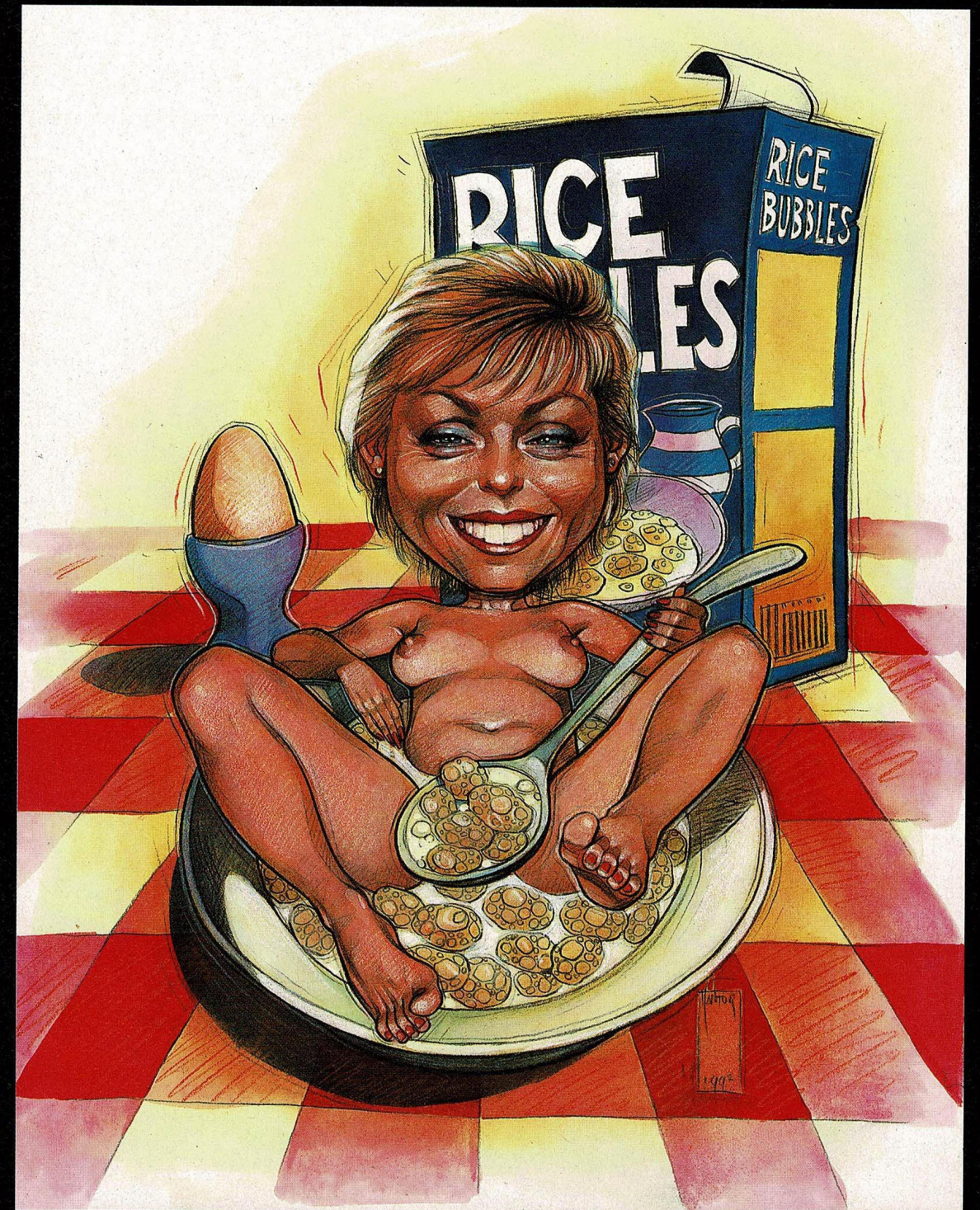








K A N T O R ' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Liz Hayes

Australian campuses have become stalking grounds for rapists

She didn't feel comfortable in the hours before she was attacked. Her friends had decided to skip the late lecture, and afterwards, walking across the darkened campus alone, she felt kind of creepy. She lived just off campus, but she decided to catch a bus home. There were a few people at the stop and most got on with her.

Things felt out of place, the world slightly off axis, and she found herself avoiding the eyes of her fellow passengers.

"I just felt there was someone after me."

When she got home she hurried up the

Degree Of FEAR

BY JOHN BIRMINGHAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN



FEAR

stairs, closed the door fast and was glad to see her flatmates. She drew a long bath, had some tea and put a video on. She fell asleep in front of the TV, waking up to white noise around midnight. She went to bed.

At 4am something happened. Some dimly perceived psychic tripwire pulled her upright before she was fully awake. Her covers were slowly being pulled over the side of the bed. He was crouched down there in shadow. She couldn't see his face. Couldn't smell him. Couldn't even hear him breathing. Even though her threat detectors had redlined and her senses roared with the rush of incoming fear. He didn't say anything.

Her bed lay against a wall and he blocked escape through the door. The sheet was nearly off her. She did not want to move because her old bed squeaked. As her eyes adjusted to what light there was, she could make out a black jumper against her cream rug.

The child's bad-dream fear came back to her. If she tried to scream, no sound would come out. But when a dry hand stroked her leg she screamed anyway and he started his assault. Two hands grabbed one leg. She was hysterical. There was nowhere to go. One hand forced its way between her thighs. She kicked out hard. Then he was gone. Her flatmates were coming from their rooms. One collided with him but he made it out of the front door and away.

When violence takes control, it drives reason into the dark. And rape is one area of violence that sits more easily within the hearts of men than you might think. Traditionally it's a low-rent routine, the sort of thing that goes down in a weed-choked lot behind a railway siding, the preserve of morons and self-abusers. We don't think of rapists as bookish Joe-College types. But go on to any campus in Australia today and you will find posters warning young women to be wary of strangers, not to walk alone at night and not to park in secluded areas.

A 1986 survey of 6000 American college students from 32 universities reported that one in six women had been the victim of a rape or attempted rape in the previous year. One in 15 men admitted to having raped in the same period. A UCLA study released at the same time found that 30 percent of men would rape if they thought they could get away with it. The figure rose to 58 percent when the researchers changed the word "rape" to "force a woman to have sex." Australian universities have been slow to follow up these studies, despite years of complaints by student unions that similar dangers exist here. There have been only two surveys, both organised by student bodies.

The most recent was put together by students from Queensland University. Its figures closely resembled the American data.

Mandy Curties, from the Women's Collective at the University of Queensland's Student Union, says: "We seem unwilling to discuss sexual attacks and harassment on campuses. We're stuck with a hide-it-away mentality, or even with an approach which blames the woman herself. There's just silence where rape happens."

The criminal justice system is not well known for its sensitive handling of rape victims. Police estimate that up to 90 percent of attacks go unreported because women can't face the shit deal they get handed in rape trials. Given this, and the lack of support mechanisms for victims on campus, it's not surprising the issue is veiled by silence.

A women's officer at the Australian

“Date rape
is the sex
crime of
choice for
males aged
15 to 24...”

National University (ANU) relates the story of a young woman who was raped in a residential college on the Canberra campus. When she took the matter to the administration, rather than collaring the rapist, they leaned on her to leave college. Daryl Mishkin, a writer for the NSW police journal, says this process of "revictimisation" can be nearly as traumatic as the original attack.

Campus rape takes two distinct forms. First, there is the widely accepted image of rapist as bogeyman, a shadow lurking behind trees and in the back seats of parked cars, somebody who creeps into your room at four in the morning. Psychologists call them "blitz rapists." Generally there has been no previous contact between rapist and target. The rapist has decided to strike but has selected a victim at random. The attack usually begins in a place hidden from public view such as a secluded car park or pathway. The victims are taken by surprise with a good deal of violence or with the threat of violence. A subspecies of the blitz rapist will choose and observe a target over a couple of days before

hunting them down. Blitz rapists are the headline grabbers.

The second form of attack, one less dramatised in the press but no less prevalent, is acquaintance rape, or "date rape", as the Americans call it. It's the sex crime of choice for males aged 15-24; the rapist forces himself, unwanted, on a woman with whom he has had contact or even been friends. Friendship is often used as the excuse for the assault.

In one typical case, Debbie, an arts student from Melbourne University, agreed to double-date with a girlfriend and two male students. Debbie and her partner had a pleasant enough time at a college ball and she readily agreed to kick on with him for drinks afterwards. "About four I got tired and he said he'd walk me home. It wasn't too far, but I was glad of the company. He still seemed okay, and I was pretty pissed. When we got to my flat I could see he wanted a goodnight kiss. I thought, okay, so we kissed for a while, but then he started stroking my leg and going up higher. I pushed back to get him off me, but he grabbed my breast and I realised he was very strong and very drunk. He just sort of fell on me and winded me. He got his hands inside. I was crying and fighting, but he was too strong..."

A counsellor at ANU says rapes and assaults on dates occur because women students are often unsure of themselves and their sexual rights. They are often living in a new and confusing world, out of contact with familiar supports like family and friends. Peer-group influence is very strong, self-identity is weak and their sexuality is a strange, forbidding country. Into this landscape comes the adolescent male, head full of fantasies and sure of his own invincibility. If he lives in a college, especially an all-male one, he is encouraged by a mythology in which prowess in sports, drinking and sexual conquest — even if forced — is highly regarded. There is enough ambiguity in their own minds to distance themselves from the blitz rapist with his knives, tattoos and encrusted underwear. That the law recognises no such division can come as a rude surprise.

For the survivors, such shades of definition are elusive. A rape is a rape. It's a total invasion, an appalling emotional horror. The girl whose story opened this piece was in clinical shock for two weeks afterwards.

Another student in her late teens is still traumatised a year after being savagely raped on a southern campus. She was making for her car at the university's central car park around 8pm when she was spear-tackled, beaten and forced into the attacker's car. She was driven to a secluded part of the campus where the attacker raped her repeatedly, bashed her, threatened her with death and then stubbed out cigarettes on her body.



Back stage at the "Mr Pecs" finals.

FEAR

Another student in her early twenties was walking to the university car park when she was knocked on the head from behind and dragged away semi-conscious and raped.

A young Perth student, labelled by some as a "feminist stirrer", was bashed on the back of the head one Saturday afternoon as she did her washing at a university hall of residence. Her attacker raped her.

One freshman at another university had a narrow escape. After drinking with a male student at an orientation function, she went to his dorm room where he grabbed her breasts and forced himself on her. She escaped after hitting him in the eyes. She is still being counselled for trauma.

In the months following a rape, most survivors are afraid to be left alone. They are also afraid to go out and often too scared to sleep. Many suffer academically as intense flashbacks to the attack intrude unbidden and unwanted, disturbing their thoughts and upsetting their balance. Victims who seek counselling all report a deep sense of shame and guilt, usually blaming themselves for being raped.

For the female survivor of date rape, the suffering is usually compounded and

prolonged by the element of betrayal. They take a very long time to trust anybody again. The worst form of date rape, and one which has been extensively canvassed in scientific literature, is gang rape. The reasonable mind recoils from the prospect and finds it near impossible to comprehend amongst nice, middle-class, university-educated folk. Unfortunately the incidence of gang rape on campuses, while small, is compelling.

A few years ago, students held a cocktail party at the University of Queensland. It was a black-tie affair run by a lot of young-Liberal types, the big ask on the tickets expected to keep out the riff-raff and pay for the high-octane drinking ingredients. By midnight the scene was of devastation, Dante's Bar and Inferno.

The ground underfoot was swampy with crushed food, spilled drinks and vomit. One drunk who went belly-up in the toilets got used for target practice. Shadows humped each other around corners and behind bushes. The roar of the crowd was nearly orchestral, but it fell away as you moved through the buildings which made up the student complex. In the small car park behind the student newspaper offices, it had dropped enough for a crime to be heard by all but the participants. They were too far gone in the thing. Six young men. Soon to be doctors, accountants and rapists. One girl, so

drunk she passed out and stayed out. They gang-fucked her.

A 1985 paper on gang rape in US colleges identified 50 separate incidences. The authors, Erhart and Sandler, found that most attacks took place after heavy piss-ups. The victim was generally too far gone to pick up the danger signals, and by the time she realised, it was already happening. Panic had set in and escape, or even successful protest, seemed impossible. Up to a dozen men might line up for their turn.

Dr Martina McCabe of Macquarie University examined the motives for rape in 1988. Until the Seventies, sex drive was seen as a prime mover in rape. Rapists were men with explosive sex drives, pent up, seeking release. They were impulsive men, uncontrollable, slaves to their desire.

This bullshit routine was eventually discredited as being an apology of sorts for the rapist, excusing him as being a frail vessel tossed on the angry tides of lust. From the early Seventies, feminist writers, with support from the medical and psychiatric communities, began to look at rape as an act of violent aggression, expressed sexually.

McCabe looked at traditional male sex roles as possible cause of rape. Rapists had what were described as more "pro-rape" beliefs and negative opinions of

Continued on page 104



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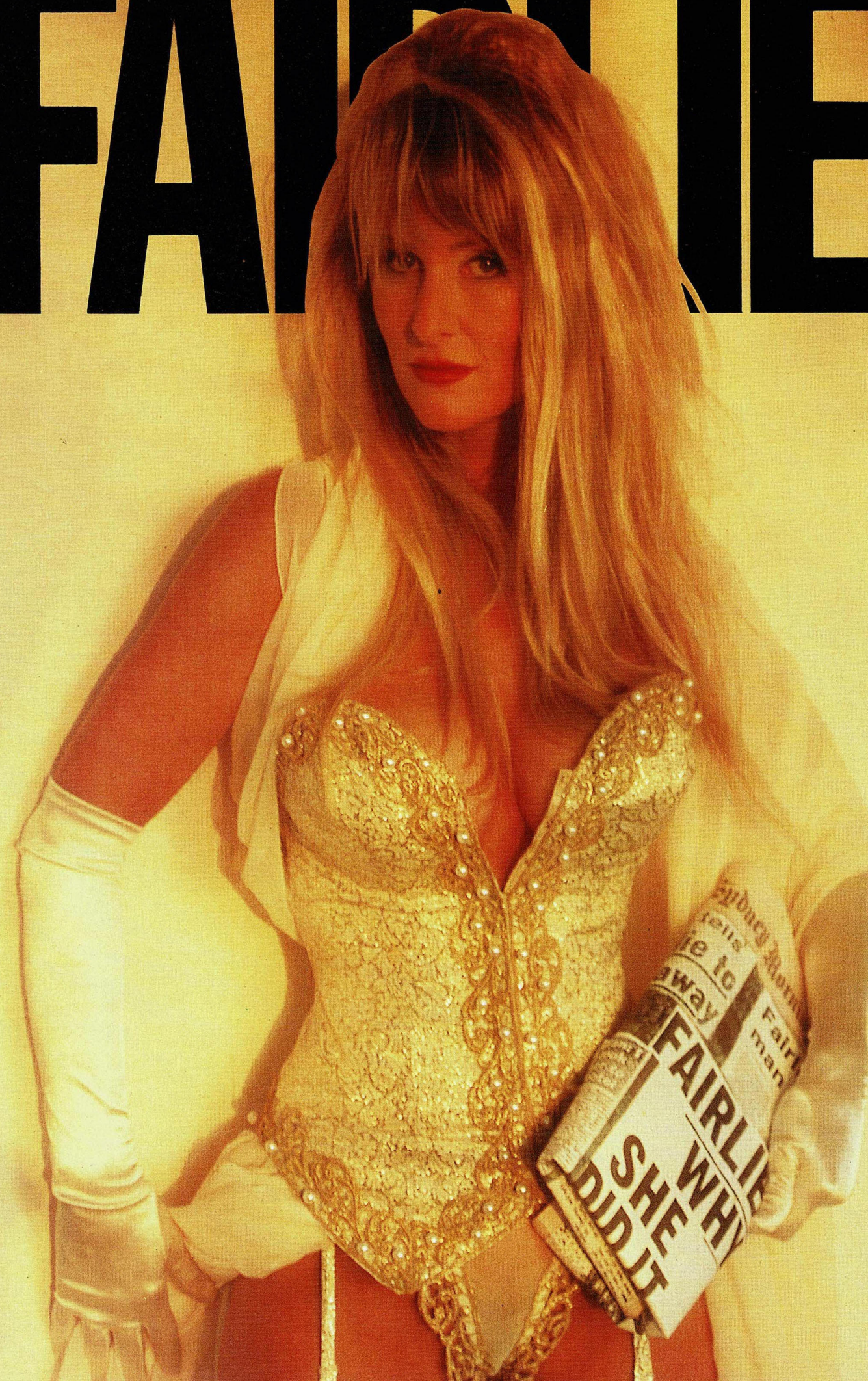
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FAIRLIE

Photography, hair and make-up and styling by Bambi. Gold pearl brocade and chiffon outfit by Klarenz, Double Bay (02) 363-0850; satin sheets from Satin Affairs, Casatex Australia, (02) 317-3244; brass bed from Ramsgate Antiques (02) 529-9672. All Sydney.



You can become a household name around Australia in many ways. You can become a TV personality, a politician, a sportsperson of genius, an entrepreneur (especially a failed one), or a family scrapping over a deceased estate. You can be persistently outspoken, or you can refuse to comment when comment is expected. Or you can fake your own kidnapping.

And that's where Fairlie Arrow, singer, can claim to be unique. There are plenty of TV personalities, polities, sports people, entrepreneurs (especially failed ones) and family feuds. There are people who never shut up, and others who remain grimly silent when everybody's prodding around looking for the skeleton in their particular closet. But in recent Aussie years, as far as we know, there's only been one kidnapping hoax on the scale of that engineered by Fairlie Arrow.

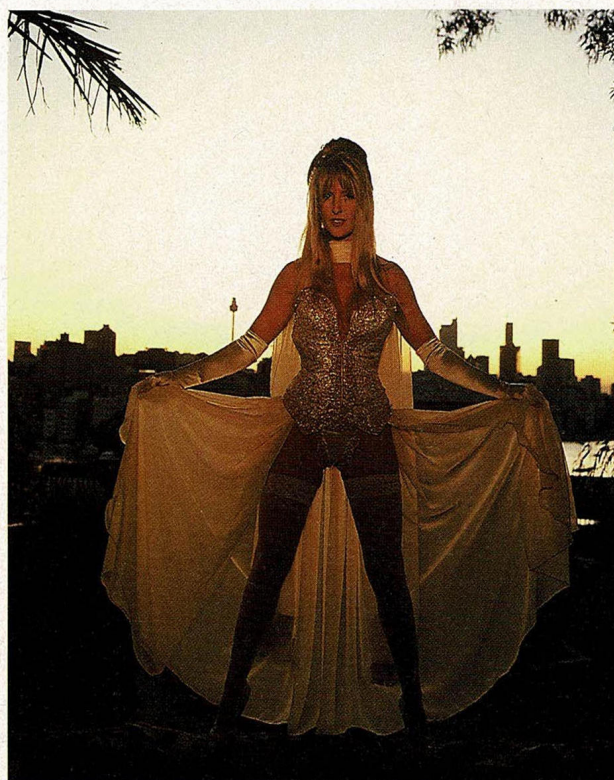
Not everybody knew who she was when she was just a singer, but everybody knows who she is now. She's up there with Fine Cotton in the Aussie Hall of Hoax Fame.

That, say her critics, is exactly what she was trying to achieve — a fast-track to the limelight. Not so, says Fairlie. She had her reasons for doing it. And the past six months have been tough going for a woman whose main dream in life is to be a country music star. Fame has a price, she's discovered, as have many before her. For Fairlie it comes with a "bad girl" tag and the discovery that you can't turn the attention off when you get sick of it. But there's a certain *je ne sai quois* to it. To lie your head off in the full glare of the national media and then, two weeks later, having been busted, to stand up just as publicly and say, sorry, yes, it was all bullshit. That takes some living down.

Fairlie Arrow vanished on the evening of December 15 last year. When she failed to turn up for an appointment with friends,

FAIRLIE NUDE!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI



THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT FAIRLIE ARROW

began an intensive search. Fairlie, in the meantime, was holed up in a motel in Nerang, inland from the Gold Coast. With her was a male friend who later claimed she'd tricked him into helping her.

Forty-eight hours after her "abduction", Fairlie was found on the side of a deserted road, barefoot, blindfolded, hands tied, but alive and well.

The same day, she made a statement to police and to the

they notified the police, who went to her Gold Coast home and found the front door ajar, keys still in the lock, a handbag and earring next to her car in the driveway and signs of a "violent struggle."

In the six months prior to her "abduction", Fairlie claimed to have been harassed by an obsessed fan who broke into her home, rearranged her lingerie, did the washing up, fed the dog, laid her earrings out in colour-coded lines and left messages scrawled in lipstick on her mirror.

Fairlie, her then husband George Harvey, who is a member of the successful band the Four Kinsman, and their two-year-old son Jesse, moved to a new neighbourhood in an attempt to get away from the night-stalker. But he found them again, and the bizarre harassment continued.

Fairlie claimed to be in fear of her life, terrified that the maniac would abduct her and kill her. She had made six complaints to the police, who said that unless they caught the intruder in the act, there was nothing they could do about it.

So when she vanished, the cops were understandably concerned. They admitted they held "grave fears" for her safety and begged the kidnapper to let her go. George Harvey made a public plea to the abductor to let him have his wife back in time for Christmas. Shocked, the Four Kinsmen cancelled their immediate gigs. Fairlie's Dad told the media his daughter "didn't scare easily." Police





media. This was the story she told: She'd been kidnapped outside her home. Somebody had placed something over her mouth and she'd fallen unconscious. She'd been driven away, blindfolded and tied to a four-poster bed for two days. Her abductor had stroked her thigh and touched her face. Then he'd said he'd "give her one more chance", and let her go.

Rumours of a hoax started up within the week. Fairlie denied them strongly. But two weeks later the staff at the Nerang motel told police that a woman fitting Fairlie's description, and a man, had stayed at the motel over the period of the abduction. Police found Fairlie's fingerprints in the room.

The game was well and truly up. She was required to drive to Broadbeach Police Station and sign a 15-page confession admitting that her "abduction" had in fact been a hoax. Then she had to face the media. And the music.

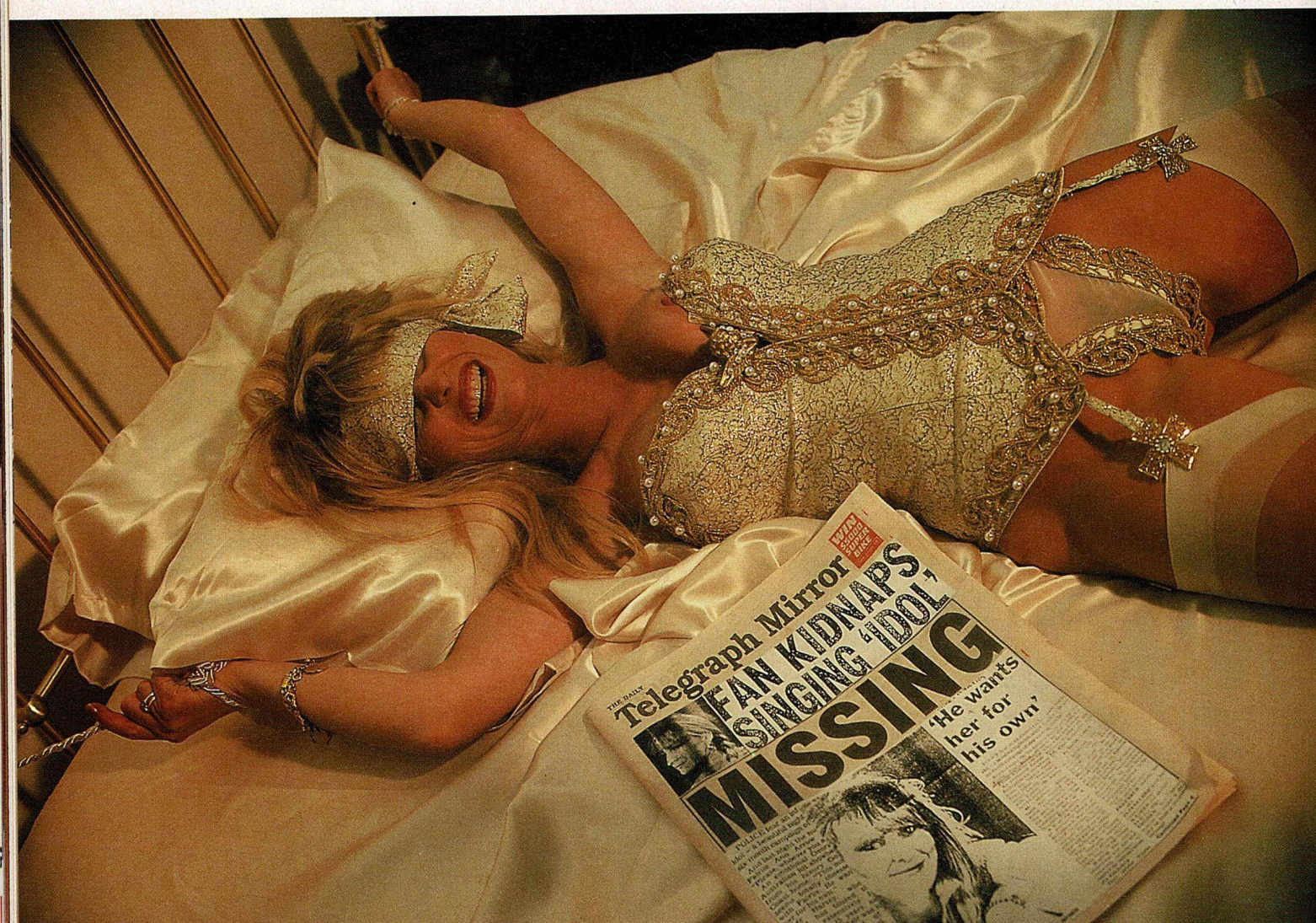
If news of the abduction had generated public concern, Fairlie's confession gained her unprecedented notoriety. She

maintained (and still does) that she'd done it to attract police attention to the harassment by the crazed fan. She was in fear of her life, and didn't want to become "another statistic in the morgue." She admitted in retrospect — and publicly — that it had been "a stupid thing to do."

The cops were not impressed. They'd wasted their time and an estimated \$56,000 of taxpayers' money. They became sceptical of her "crazed fan" story and told the media she'd done it to prop up her flagging career. There was no law against what she'd done, they discovered, so they charged her with making false complaints. If convicted, she faced a two-year jail sentence or a \$56,000 fine.

Various women's groups weren't impressed, either. Now, they claim, if a woman really *is* being harassed, the police are that much less likely to take her seriously.

To escape the Gold Coast "hype", Fairlie fled to Sydney, to "start a new life" while awaiting trial. The past six months have



been rough going, she says. Her marriage has split. She's lost some of her friends. The media have kept on hassling her. But it hasn't all been bad. She has just secured a lucrative recording contract with Caliber Records in Los Angeles.

She feels lucky to have got that contract. "It's what I've always wanted in life. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I've done a lot of hard work, but you have to be in the right place at the right time."

In talking to *Penthouse*, Fairlie stuck to her "crazed fan" story as her reason for staging her hoax. "Everybody reacts to different things in different ways," she says, by way of explanation. "Everybody has their own way of coping."

Fairlie came to terms with herself enough to have some fun for the *Penthouse* camera. Wearing some stunning gear designed by her long-term friend Klarenz, she poked some good-humoured fun at her own cooked-up story. But there was a practical reason for her new round of exposure, too. Money.

"Well," she says, "what's the point in saying it was for the artistic expression or whatever? It was for the money. I don't have any, and I'm going to have to pay legal fees, restitution, that sort of thing."

She admitted she was worried the police were going to make "an example" of her. After all, they don't want a whole horde of would-be stars making a similar sort of break for fame. But in the end she was fined around \$23,000 and emerged from court poorer, but free.

What Fairlie Arrow really wants to do is move to LA and get on with her singing career. She'd like a few hit records, perhaps a little less notoriety.

All the same, she's not exactly hiding from the limelight. While looking at the takes for her *Penthouse* shoot, she threw back her head and laughed out loud.

"Oh, God, I'm *never* going to live this down," she exclaimed. But she's already had plenty of practice at that.





PROFILE BY GLENN A. BAKER
ILLUSTRATION BY SUZANNE WHITE

Nice guy Phil Collins proves he's no act

Menacing snarls are not facial expressions that come naturally to Phil Collins.

So in his latest movie role, he'd be happy if he could effect his

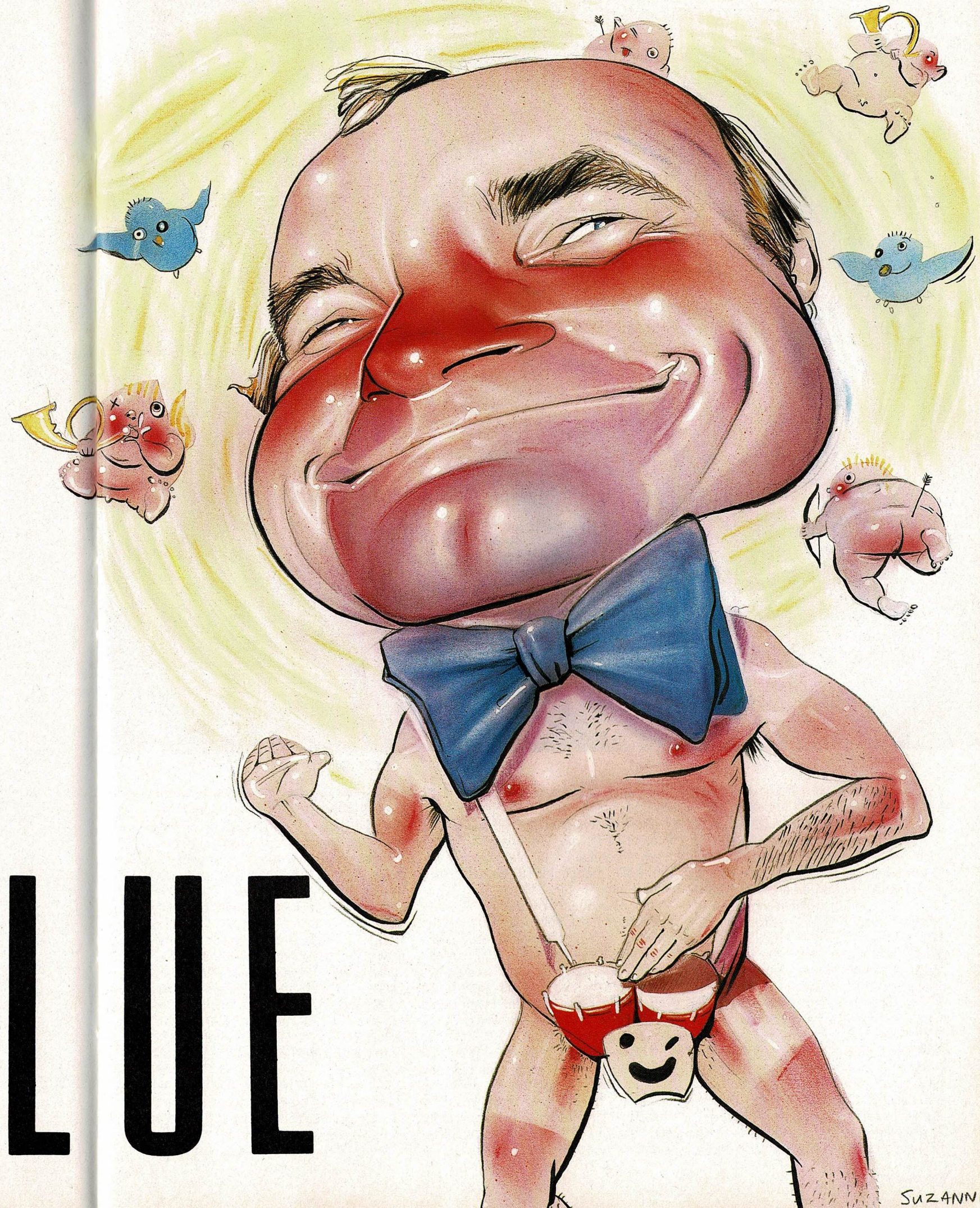
required mood of menace slightly more readily.

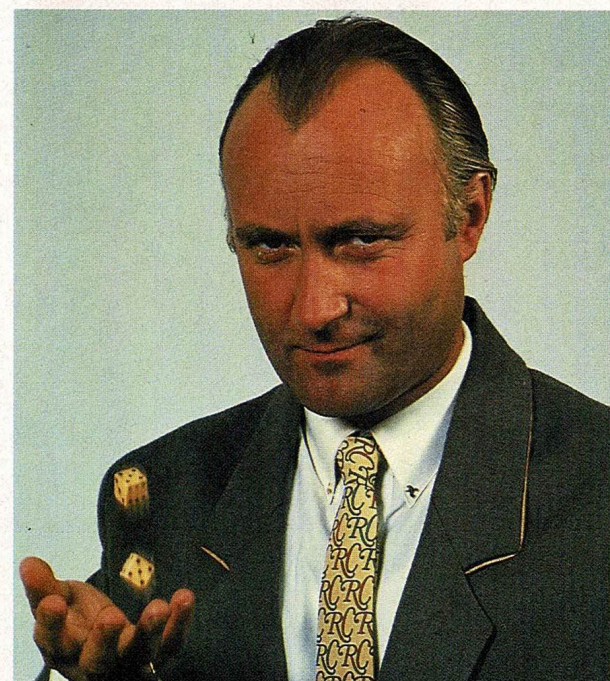
"Last night I had a sequence with a gun and for me to be threatening with a gun, and not be comical, is quite hard," rock'n'roll's "Nice Guy" confides at a warehouse soundstage near Sydney airport — the site of his latest foray into movies.

Of course a menacing snarl would be difficult for a nice guy like Collins. However, it is not prudent to dwell on his "nice" image. You know he is, he knows he is, the whole world knows he is. But the constant repetition of the fact may be wearing a bit thin.

He recently made the point to a British reporter — that geniality can sometimes be misread as a lack of substance. But by the time his words had been turned into a feature lead and banner headline, he came to the conclusion that talking about

FACE VALUE





FACE VALUE

it only made more people realise what a nice guy he is. That, and statements like: "People only get one chance to meet you, and if you're not an arsehole, why give them the opportunity of thinking you are?"

Once described as "marginally less famous than the Pope", rock's premier workaholic is still hot on the heels of *// Papa*. Although he insists that he is far less frantic than he was in 1985, when he had four million-selling singles in America and is reputed to have earned around \$50 million, this 41-year-old's trotting pace is still the equal of any peer's gallop.

Phil has drummed, Phil has sung, Phil has produced, written and conceptualised. Now he's acting, with the same level of gleeful energy and application that has marked everything he has done since he first recorded in

1969 with a quasi-Moody Blues outfit called Flaming Youth.

"I'm just trying to do things that are interesting for me," he shrugs. "I'm not trying necessarily to become a huge movie star; that wouldn't be bad, but that's not the aim."

"To be honest, producing records interests me less at the moment. If Miles Davis hadn't died it would have been interesting to do an album with him, but there wasn't much else that would have got me into the studio... although Herbie Hancock has just been in touch about doing something and that would be an interesting combination."

It was the prospect of another interesting combination that recently brought Collins to Australia for ten weeks to star in a quirky, low-budget film called *Frauds*. He made the trip Down Under even though his stated aim after *Buster* was to do a bigger American film.

He was enticed by writer/director Stephen Elliott, who dangled before the Genesis leader a surreal black comedy about an insurance investigation that goes haywire. The role on offer was the blackmailing, mind-twisting conman Roland Copping. Collins was sufficiently beguiled to put Hollywood on hold for a while.

"Stephen felt he could make the film down here because it goes against too many grains to work in an American studio. It's not an obvious film and Americans really wouldn't understand it. Apparently I'm the only person he considered for the lead and when I said I wasn't able to do it he said: 'Well, we'll wait until you can.'"

Collins may appear as just another musician moonlighting in the movies, but he was a professional actor long before he became a working musician.

As a 13-year-old in 1964, he spent

seven months playing the Artful Dodger in a long-running stage production of *Oliver Twist* at the New Theatre in London's West End. That same year Collins was a paid extra (he wishes he'd kept his cheque as a souvenir) on the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* film, screaming loudly near the stage at the filmed Scala Theatre concert. He also landed a string of BBC plays and his father was apparently quietly shattered when he decided that he wanted to join a rock band rather than pursue an acting career that was off to a healthy start.

Acting may well have remained a pleasant, distant memory had it not been for the foresight of *Miami Vice* producer Michael Mann, who cleverly cast Phil as a spiv in one episode of the hit TV show. "It was a big step for me to act again after so long," Collins said at the time.

But the widely positive response to the *Miami Vice* role led to Collins' portrayal of

the hoodlum-with-a-heart Great Train Robber in *Buster*, a meaty, amusing British production. When the reviews were in for that performance, there was no doubt that Phil Collins' name would become a fixture on cinema marquees.

Not that it was all joy unbounded on the set. "With *Buster*," he recalls, "I over-prepared so much that I knew everybody else's part as well as my own. But when I got out on to the set with the cameraman saying, 'That's your mark there', I thought: 'Oh fuck, I forgot about that! I've actually got to talk, move, and hit that mark.' That's when I suddenly realised, maybe I should have stayed a drummer!"

Buster Edwards and Roland Copping are both villains, but the similarities are minimal. Phil's "nice-guy" image easily survived his first lead film role, but it may not totally survive the second. There's no cloth-capped barrow-boy gone bad here.

"Basically, Roland enjoys other

people's misfortunes," Phil reveals. "In some respects, he's a child who never grew up. He was the cause of his brother becoming a quadriplegic: Matthew fell over a waterfall in a game he was forced to play and when his mother found him she had a heart attack. Because Roland's development stopped at about the age of ten, he really enjoys games. Of course, he has grown older but even as a freelance insurance investigator, he can't resist the urge to trap and to blackmail."

"He can be very charming, but by the last third of the film he's become a vicious, vindictive person: just as a lot of children are quite cruel. It is that part that is most demanding for me. That vicious streak is something I've never had to portray."

In *Frauds*, Roland Copping psychologically terrorises a seemingly defenceless couple, portrayed by Hugo Weaving of *Proof* fame and *Brides of Christ* star Josephine Byrnes. All three

FACE VALUE

characters undergo dramatic personality changes throughout the film as Copping infiltrates and intrudes upon the lives of the couple.

Considerable subtleties are involved in the story so it was fortuitous that an almost instant bond developed on the set between Collins and Weaving.

Weaving describes Collins as "absolutely lovely and charming, and really impressive in the film. I was impressed by what he brought to the first rehearsal, how much work he'd done and how funny he made the character. That was something I hadn't expected. I think he's probably very aware that people think of him as just a musician, so this is important to him."

More important than Weaving may realise. Film is plainly not just a fling for Collins. He recently told the British press that he wants to take at least a year off from Genesis obligations to give himself a serious shot at a film career.

"I feel that I'm at a stage of about eight out of ten for musical prowess but, with film, I'm probably only about one or two. Certainly I am doing *Frauds* because it's a very original script and I think it will be a very special film, but I'm also doing it for the experience, just like I did a small role in Spielberg's *Hook*.

"I've decided that I'll go wherever I need to, provided the script is good. Because [acting's] not the way I really make my living, I can pick and choose. Anthony Hopkins didn't have to come to Melbourne to make *Spotswood*. It was something he decided he wanted to do. When you're in control of your own destiny you can do that. But who knows what will happen. I get bored doing one thing so after I've done a couple of films I'll probably say 'listen, I want to do an album because writing the music and doing the demos is so enjoyable'."

The famed Collins tenacity isn't that fickle, however. The man lives to work. He enjoys his almost regular trips Down Under but apart from a single side-trip to Yulara, he's seen little of it.

"To be honest," he insists, "I'm here to work and the more time off I have the more crazy I get. I've had to learn to relax but it doesn't come naturally. Now I take one holiday a year away in the sun with all my children. And after the ten-month Genesis tour of 1987 I started building a model railway in my cellar, which was completely different from anything else I'd ever done in my life. I had a hobby for the first time. I muck around with it still — I build the models, I make the scenery and I get satisfaction from it. But most of the time I just work."

Nobody understands the downside of this intense degree of commitment better

than the man who was the subject of a 1990 *Q* magazine story titled *Why Phil Collins Never Closes Off*.

"I try to say 'no' more than I used to and I try to spend more time with my second wife Jill and my two-year-old daughter Lilly than I did out of circumstance with my first wife Andrea and my two oldest kids, Jody (19) and Simon (15). My first marriage broke up because Genesis was on the road for so long and my whole family wasn't there when I got back."

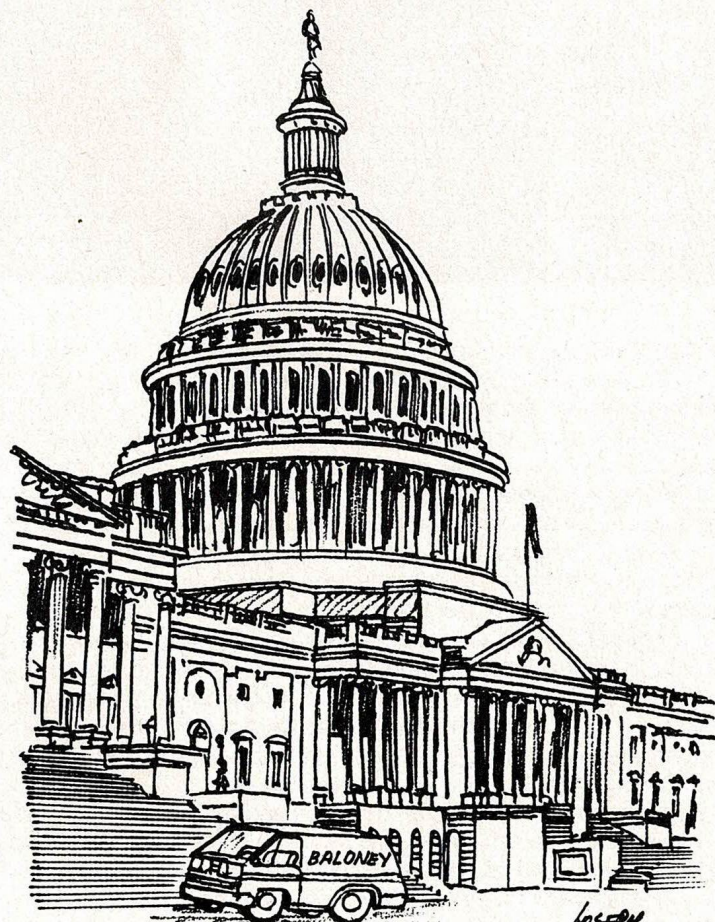
Genesis tours are now structured a little more compassionately — by necessity. Tony Banks and Mike Rutherford have children of school age and the British trio aren't exactly in the bloom of youth. "We decided that we wanted to do all these other things — family, films, our lives," Collins explains. "So it came down to: we can do ten months of arenas or three months of stadiums, and the latter option won."

"The bigger venues aren't so much fun — they're an event of a different kind — but we don't want to be like Dire Straits and Sting and go out on the road for two or three years. Although, having said that, my last solo tour was about nine months and I had a great time!"

Genesis and Collins have had some of their greatest times performing in Australia, where down-to-earth attitudes on the part of global superstars do heroes make. "I've got a lot of time for the audiences here," Collins reveals. "They are the only ones, apart from English audiences, that you can talk to like I'm talking to you now and they'll listen. Then, at the end of a song they'll applaud as wildly and as enthusiastically as an American audience. Unfortunately, the ambient noise in America is . . . well you know, if you do a quiet song that's a cue for all the jerks in the audience to shout out how much they love you, which is great, but you only need 1000 out of 15,000 to really fuck it up. If you're doing a 3-4,000 seater the shows are fantastic but it never ceases to amaze me, when you're playing a place like Dodger Stadium in LA, how many people have to go to the toilet. They're there going to the bathroom, or getting a hot dog, or getting a drink, and it's an incredible distraction because it's like all these little ants walking up and down in the light."

"The subtlety starts being honed off a show when you take it to America; all those fine moments when you can have a little aside to the audience and suddenly somebody gets the joke and a ripple goes through, like it does in Australia."

"Two of the most enjoyable tours I've ever done have been in Australia. The worst have probably been in Germany. There you get these 'squaddies', or GIs who go out and drink as much as they can before the show, down a couple of pills



sally

Continued on page 118

worth a look



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I would never admit to being a gold digger," says 21-year-old Sally Worth, "but I do like a man who's successful. A man who's the best at what he does is a real turn-on."





The lovely Libra first came to the public's attention as a child star in television commercials. The daughter of a wealthy father and a mother who lectures law at university, Sally is about to study law herself.







"I won't need any favours from my mom. I have a good mind and I won't be wasting it on a man who can't keep up," says Sally with a determined look.





BY LAURENCE GONZALES

kevorkian's demon

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

For years there have been secret suicide services in various places, from California to Bogota. For a fee, those who are well-connected and have money have been able to secure peace of mind with the knowledge that when life has become unbearable, there would be a sure, swift and secure way out. The services have been secret because it is strictly against the law to help someone commit suicide. But the leaders of today's popular and growing right-to-die movement believe that we all have a right to live and die with dignity. They say that a person should be able to decide his own time to die and should be able to get the help of a competent physician in ending his life quietly and painlessly, without violence. They abhor the idea of having to pay a stranger for such a service. They say that to do it in a motel room with a gun is no different from having a back-alley abortion — dangerous, impersonal, undignified, and sad. The law — in the US and also in Australia — disagrees. If a person is terminally ill, if all treatment options have been exhausted and if life has become nothing more than excruciating pain, which can be

Is death by
choice a

human right?

There's one
doctor who
reckons it is.



kevorkian's demon

relieved only by death that is going to result anyway, it is still forbidden to aid in taking someone's life (such as by leaving a gun or poison within reach). And it is murder in the first degree to assist directly.

In the US summer of 1990 the issues were brought out in sharp relief when a retired pathologist in Detroit helped a woman to kill herself. Jack Kevorkian is a physician who believes in the right to die. He has championed the cause for decades. And he acted on his belief.

With a few dollars' worth of parts, Kevorkian fashioned a device that some called a Thanatron, from the Greek word for death. It was similar in operation to those automatic IV drip machines we see in hospital rooms. It had three lines: a saline solution — a harmless fluid used to open a pathway into the circulatory system; sodium pentothal, a sedative; and potassium chloride and succinylcholine, two chemicals that would cause the heart to stop beating.

Kevorkian had unveiled his suicide machine in 1989, and the novelty of it caught the attention of *Donohue Show* producers. Janet Adkins, a woman in Oregon who had been diagnosed as having Alzheimer's disease, saw him on the program. Her husband called to ask Kevorkian's help in ending Janet's life. "She had stockpiled drugs," says Kevorkian. "She had considered throwing herself into the ocean and drowning, she had a gun, she was determined not to let this disease go to the end."

Adkins was still getting around well, but her memory was going and her ultimate prognosis was for a slow and painful death. Kevorkian felt that he had found an appropriate opportunity to make his case real.

"Hippocrates said that the physician works with the patient to combat the disease, not death," Kevorkian says. "He knew you couldn't beat death. And when death was winning, he recommended you do nothing. But we have broken that mandate and we do everything. Death will always win."

Kevorkian has always been a man with radical views on taboo subjects. The subject of death has fascinated him since early in his medical training. He became a pathologist and studied death. Ann Arbor Hospital let him go because of his desire to use men on death row as volunteers for medical research purposes. The concept was to put volunteers to sleep but not let them die until certain experiments had been carried out. Journal after journal rejected his paper promoting that idea.

He hasn't given up the idea, either. Recently he told an interviewer on National Public Radio: "I'm in contact now with a man who's murdered three young boys in Washington State, and he's said: 'You've got to execute me because I know I'll kill again. I'd do anything to bring those three boys back, but I can't. The next best thing is if I donate my organs and save eight or nine people. That's the closest I can come to it.'"

"Death has always been negative," says Kevorkian, "— euthanasia or execution. It's the loss of a human life. But here, if you allow someone — either with

assisted suicide or the condemned people who are healthy — if you allow them to save seven or eight other people, now you've definitely made it positive. We can wrest life back from death."

Although Kevorkian met with no success in getting his paper published, his views on death grew and took shape. He supported the opening of a suicide centre where people could go to end their lives when terminal illness warranted it. But his centres would allow doctors to experiment on the dying before they were dead, "with consent, of course", Kevorkian emphasised.

By 1988, not surprisingly, he was unemployable. No hospital would touch him on account of his radical ideas. "I've written off the medical profession," he said. "I'm an outsider."

Kevorkian had become used to rejection, then, by the time Janet Adkins flew from Oregon to Michigan to seek his help. The doctor and his new patient went looking for a place for her to die, but not even the local Unitarian Church would have them. Kevorkian finally decided to use his 1968 Volkswagen microbus, which he fitted out with curtains for privacy and drove to a public park. Adkins's husband, who had flown with her from Oregon, waited in a motel room. Kevorkian inserted the IV needle into her arm and started the saline drip. It was up to Janet Adkins to end her own life. For Kevorkian to do it would have been murder under the law.

Adkins thanked the doctor profusely and then reached out and pressed the button that switched the IV drip from the first to the second bottle: the sedative. The toy-car motor Kevorkian had used in constructing his machine now pumped sodium pentothal into her veins. Unconsciousness came rapidly, so Mrs Adkins didn't witness the rest: after a minute, the timer switched the IV line to the third bottle, the lethal injection.

"Janet Adkins was unconscious within 15 seconds," Kevorkian says. "I had a cardiogram running, so I knew what the heart action was like and I knew when the heart had stopped. The heart had stopped within five minutes, but the tracing had stopped — flat-lined — in six minutes."

It didn't take Kevorkian much longer than that to catapult himself into the national spotlight. It was no accident that he was talking to the *New York Times* the next day; he'd finally found his forum, and he knew it. This was his crowning achievement. *Time* magazine called it "the premiere performance of Kevorkian's suicide machine." But Kevorkian was not without his personal feelings about what he was doing. "Assisting Mrs Adkins was a wrenching experience. As physicians, you can't do what's pleasant, you do what's necessary. And that, sometimes, is very disagreeable."



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kevorkian's demon

Michigan authorities seized his Volkswagen and the suicide machine. The court ordered him not to try a repeat performance and went off to contemplate charging him with murder. It was a touchy case. Kevorkian knew what he was doing. The law in Michigan was murky on the issue of assisted suicide, and, once before, the Michigan Court of Appeals had ruled favourably in a case involving a man giving his friend a gun with which to commit suicide. "The legislature has not defined aiding suicide as a crime," was the opinion stated.

Kevorkian told an interviewer: "After six months they charged me with first-degree murder based on a 72-year-old case in Michigan. The Supreme Court refused to review after the Appeals Court threw out the conviction. I never was worried. I knew there was no law broken, that's why I did it that way." He called the judge's opinion "36 six pages of character assassination."

All the same, his purpose had been served. Kevorkian's Demon was out of the box.

The US was enthralled with the idea of elective dying, and controversy raged around it. But on both sides, the reaction seemed more against technology than to the issues. The god of technology, which

we had worshipped in its role as saviour for so long, had been turned against us by our own hand.

The word "miracle" frequently appeared in press accounts when our good doctors tinkered together some new device to make the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, or to keep a dead patient solemnly alive. That same proto-machine (the iron lung, for example) which was once such a benign novelty, was now seen by many people as the torture chamber to which we could be condemned if we ever took gravely ill. Karen Ann Quinlan's case secured that image in our mind: comatose, brain-dead, she became a vegetable doomed to live ten years plugged into a machine, while her family lived in hell because of it. We were afraid, and we had good reason to be.

Derek Humphrey, journalist and founder of the Hemlock Society, which promotes the right to die with dignity, said: "Roughly half the people who die in western society currently are connected to equipment." No wonder then, that we should grasp at anything that offers to give us back our control.

The very concept of medicine takes control away from us. If we are truly sick, we are often asked to sign a few papers and to commit our lives into the hands of strangers. But today, more often than not, we are asked to give that control to a

machine. Patients surrender control in a way that reduces them to infants again. Someone else feeds them, removes their waste, cleans them, and most frightening of all, anyone can subject them to horrible pain and there is often no way to say "no." We are powerless, but dreadfully conscious.

In another sense, Kevorkian's actions provoked a classic territorial war, like the war on drugs: you can take our drugs (alcohol, tobacco) but not their drugs (marijuana, cocaine). The legally sanctioned American Medical Association (AMA) has a monopoly on life and death in our society. A doctor can kill you by mistake when you're not very sick, and no-one goes to jail. But when a terminally ill patient really needs to die, the AMA's position has traditionally been that he/she should be kept alive for as long as possible, no matter how horrible it might be.

"Forty years ago when I was in medical school," Kevorkian said on National Public Radio shortly after Janet Adkins's death, "abortion was illegal and therefore called unethical. When Roe v Wade [the landmark court case which paved the way for the legalisation of abortion in the US] is reversed, abortion is suddenly going to become unethical again."

Religious bureaucrats have had a similar reaction to the idea of assisted suicide. The Archdiocese of Detroit

issued a statement condemning Adkins and Kevorkian. "God alone is the author of life, from beginning to end," it said, putting the Church's territorial imperative as plainly as possible.

The Church, in fact, was instrumental in getting suicide banned. St Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo Regius, was one of the first proponents of sanctions against suicide, which he called "a detestable and damnable wickedness." St Thomas Aquinas wrote that suicide was "the most fatal of sins because it cannot be repented on." In part, these attitudes may have been seen as a necessary reaction to the bizarre fervour with which Christians wanted to become martyrs.

Milton Heifetz, a neurosurgeon, wrote in his book *The Right to Die*: "This religious influence became so distorted that those who tried to kill themselves but failed were executed. They were hanged in public or decapitated or burned at the stake and buried away from respected areas..."

There is no shortage of experts on both sides of the right-to-die issue. One significant point of view was expressed at the Sonoma Conference on Ethical Issues in 1974. The participants included some of the world's most prominent authorities on medical ethics. Jeff Lyons, a Chicago reporter, wrote an excellent book on the subject of euthanasia, *Playing God In The Nursery*, in which he described the proceedings at Sonoma Valley:

"Seventeen of the 20 experts indicated they would intervene directly to 'kill' a defective infant whose prognosis was a lingering, painful death. . . This amounted to a ringing endorsement of active euthanasia by a panel that included some of the most esteemed baby doctors in the US. The participants also expressed unanimous approval for . . . the withdrawal of life support from a severely defective infant."

The members of that conference, as well as other medical ethicists, believe that physicians should be engaged in relieving pain and suffering and that sometimes, when death is inevitable, the only way to relieve pain and suffering is to expedite death. Some of the conference participants wrote in a paper: "Life-preserving intervention should be understood as doing harm to an infant who cannot survive infancy, or (who) will live in intractable pain, or cannot participate even minimally in human experience." Which could also be said about an adult in the terminal stages of an illness or in a vegetative state. Death in such cases is the lesser of two evils.

With all the problems surrounding the physician's role in death, why not separate suicide and euthanasia from the medical profession altogether? Why not make a new profession of people who assist in death? Doctors enjoy a monopoly on matters having to do with health. It is

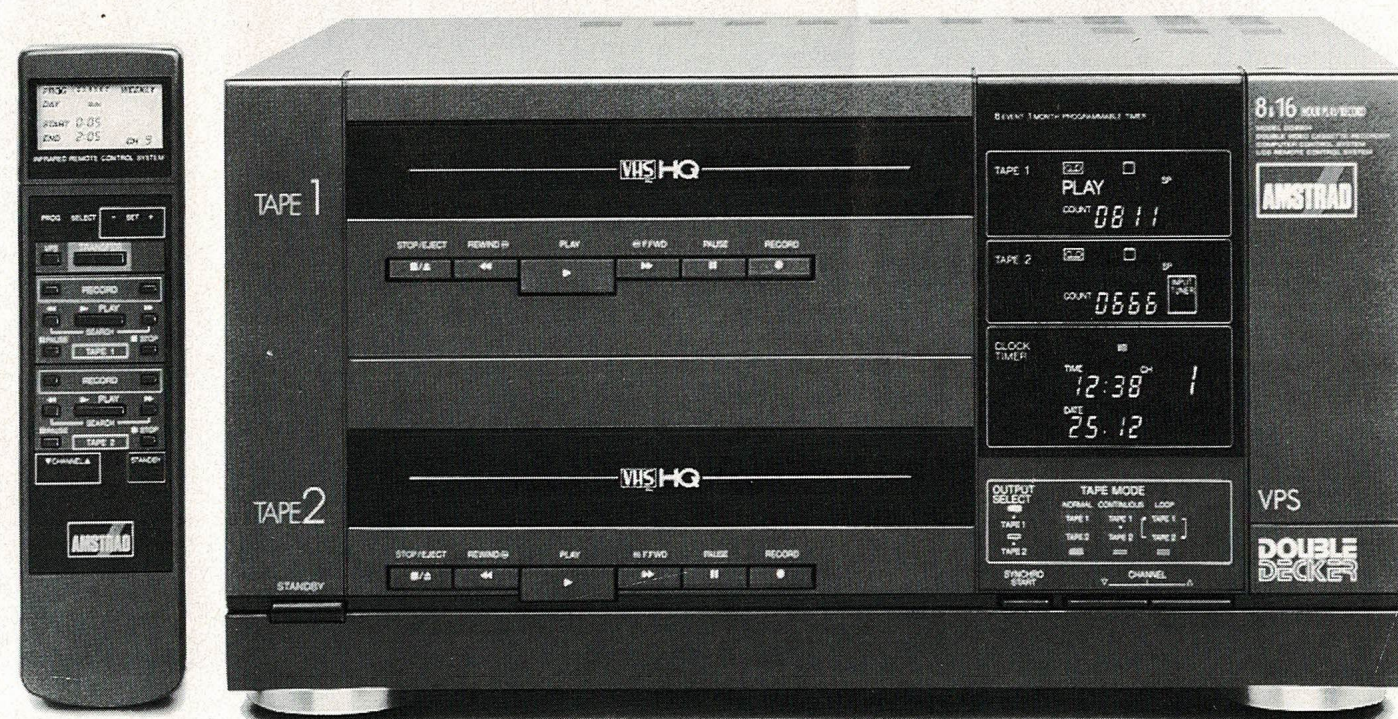
one reason that there is such strong resistance to midwives and why doctors want people to have babies in hospitals.

Whatever the ultimate outcome of the debate, one thing is clear: individuals in enormous numbers want to secure their own personal right to die. Between 1969 and 1975 in the US the Euthanasia Education Council sent out 750,000 copies of its Living Will to people who had requested it. In 1975, the Karen Ann Quinlan case became national news. During the next 18 months, 1,250,000 Living Wills were distributed to people who had determined not to end up as she did, surviving in a coma for ten years after taking an overdose of drugs.

Not long after Janet Adkins's death, a Californian couple, Robert and Virginia Harper, flew to Michigan and checked into a motel. They were encouraged by the decisions of Michigan courts and Robert wanted to help his terminally ill wife kill herself. Suicide is not for amateurs, and this is one reason that Kevorkian, Humphrey, and others support the idea of legalising assisted suicide. The human body — even a sick one — is very strong. It's difficult to kill someone, and you have to know what you're doing. Virginia tried to kill herself by taking what she thought would be an overdose of Dalmane, but it wasn't enough. Then she put a plastic

Continued on page 108

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poolside manner

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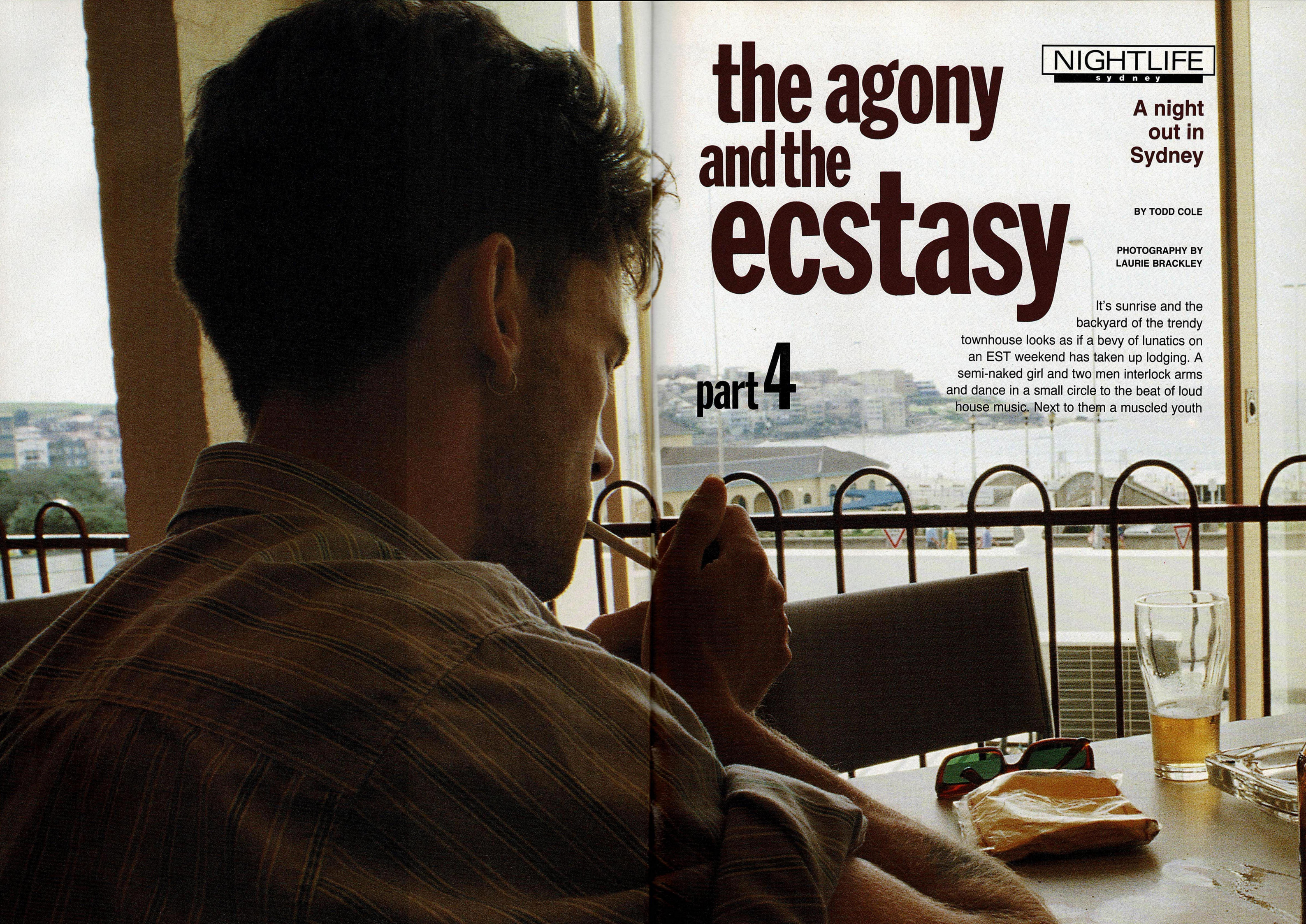
Krissy used to watch Michael cleaning her pool, and she longed to be wrapped in those glistening arms. She was shy but the afternoon came when she couldn't hold herself back any longer.





Michael was unrolling his hose and asked Krissy if she was having problems with her suction pump. But Krissy didn't even hear. She fell into his arms, telling him: "The pool can wait."





the agony and the ecstasy

part 4

NIGHTLIFE
sydney

A night
out in
Sydney

BY TODD COLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LAURIE BRACKLEY

It's sunrise and the
backyard of the trendy
townhouse looks as if a bevy of lunatics on
an EST weekend has taken up lodging. A
semi-naked girl and two men interlock arms
and dance in a small circle to the beat of loud
house music. Next to them a muscled youth

the agony and the ecstasy

does frenetic push-ups. A couple sit on deck chairs and stroke each other fondly.

One of the male dancers takes off his shirt, brandishes a bottle of olive oil and pours it over the semi-naked girl's breasts. He rubs his oiled chest against her back. Their bodies slide, slip and grind to the rhythm. The third dancer lubricates his body by forcing himself between the other two. They all laugh as their shining bodies meld into a jumble of arms and torsos. The muscled youth stands, douses himself in oil and joins the fun. One of them yells out "daisy chain" and the four break apart laughing.

All the occupants in the small, leafy backyard are under the influence of some combination of ecstasy, speed, alcohol and marijuana. Their night has been long and hard, and it's nowhere near over yet. It's a special occasion though — a birthday, a 30th, in fact. All stops have been pulled to celebrate the first of the group's big Three Oh's.

Of course, their night didn't start out this way. . .

A cool southerly blows across the now-sparkling-clean waters of Bondi. A group of swarthy ethnic men gathers in front of the art deco apartments, inspecting their black Commodores and Ferrari-red Fairmonts. Lance, the 30-year-old birthday boy, sits on the grass looking out over the beach. He's holding his first beer.

"Times are tough right now," Lance asserts. "It's the fuckin' government, mainly it's that prick Keating's fault." He launches into a diatribe, calms himself with a guzzle of beer and goes on to explain that his scheduled job was cancelled today, it was four days' solid work, good money, a chance to repay some of his debts, a chance to get ahead. He gives me a concise analysis of his debts (which are substantial) and looks a little more perturbed for doing so. When I ask him where he's obtained the money for the night he says: "I've been saving up for tonight."

Enough of the mundane aspects of life,

he insists, back to the night ahead. He's been planning his own birthday celebration since the gang's last big get-together, which was three weeks ago and Lance can't remember what it was in aid of. "Anyway," he continues, "I'm meeting some friends at the Bondi Hotel and the rest at the Blackmarket Cafe, then things are going to go off in a big way. We'll have a few things to help us along . . . nothing serious, just a few ekkies and a fair bit of speed. Everyone does it," he explains.

It's 8pm and in front of the Bondi Hotel a man sits in the gutter, his head between his knees, saliva drooling from his mouth. Two tough-looking bouncers stand at the entrance to the bar with their arms crossed. As cars speed by, the man in the gutter yells abuse and keeps yelling long after the cars have passed. The bouncers snigger. The sight causes Lance to launch into the first of many rationalisations of drug consumption. "That's why I prefer drugs. Dope doesn't do that to you, neither does speed. I mean what's the point of being like that? It's not fun, it's expensive. More expensive than drugs. And what's worse, [alcohol] makes you look like a tit." The bouncers part like saloon doors as we enter.

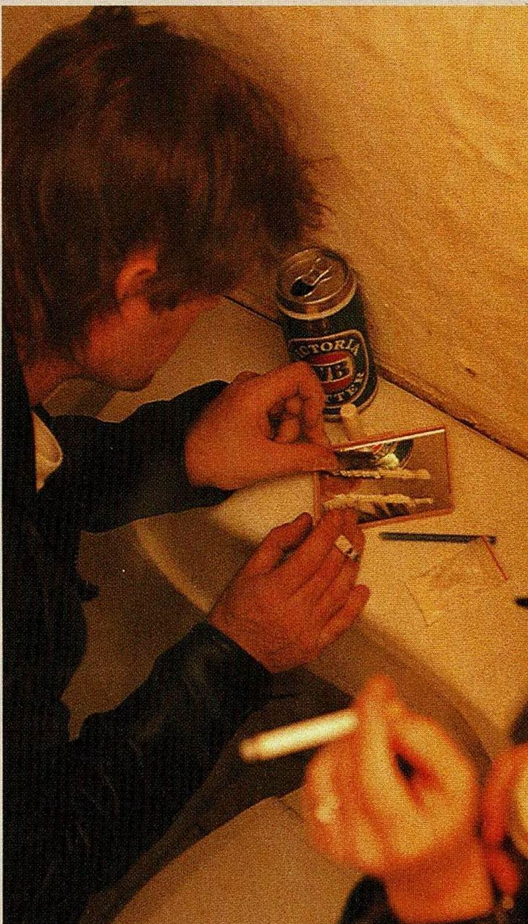
The hotel is a labyrinthine combination of five squalid bars overlooking the beach. A stale-beer smell cuts through the cigarette smoke. Cigarette butts litter the carpet and the tables are sticky with alcohol.

The crowd consists of tanned young men in fluorescent shirts; girls with chocolate-brown skin and ultra-blond hair. Everyone appears to be drinking schooners. Lance is on his third when Maggie rolls up with her boyfriend, Peter. Both are gregarious and are agreeable to having me follow them around for the night. Lance and Peter talk in hushed tones, then disappear into the toilet. Maggie taps her foot and chews gum violently. "Just don't use my real name. Everyone will think I'm a druggie and I'm not. I only do this on weekends," she insists. Minutes later, Peter and Lance emerge. Lance sniffs and

**"The bouncer looks more likely to
sell you stocks than bum's-rush
you into the street . . ."**

wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

Half-an-hour later they're all under the influence of good quality speed. The conversation is fast and furious and any question I ask is answered with rush of meaningless drivel. I get the impression they simply like to have their mouths moving. Lance, who doesn't smoke "except

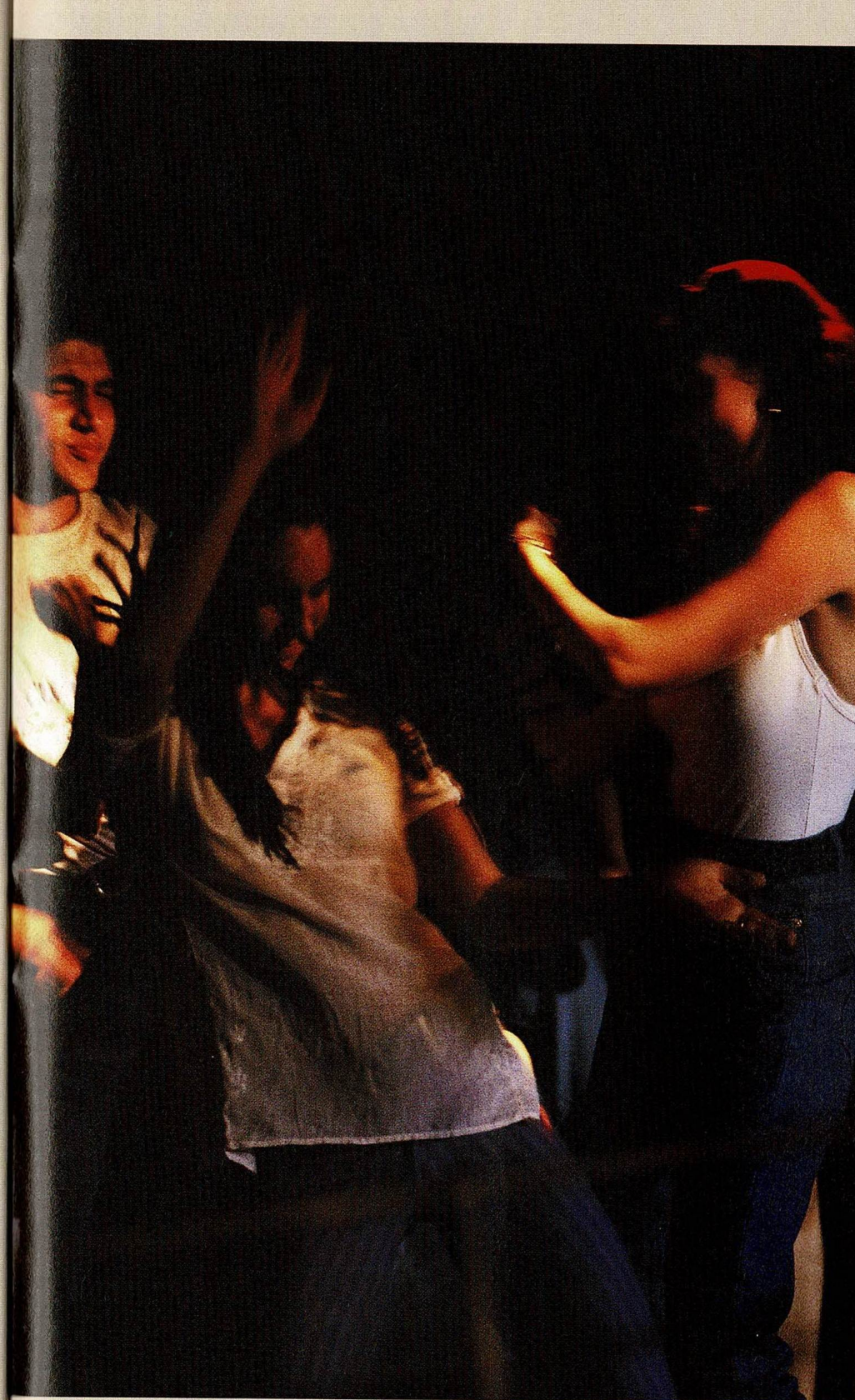


when I'm out of it", lights a cigarette. Suddenly Peter decides it's time to leave. Like someone had yelled out "bomb scare", all three stand and move towards the door.

Inside Lance's flat, Darryl Summers silently cavorts across the TV screen as "US Forces" blasts from the stereo. We drink red wine from the disembowelled cask while Lance clears the kitchen table. He places collected coffee cups and stolen beer and wine glasses in the already full sink. "Excuse the mess," he says with a laugh. I notice that the sink contains nothing *but* glasses and coffee cups.

Another line and a lot of wine later, the conversation has again moved into overdrive. Lance displays the ecstasies

scored for the evening and says: "You've got to understand, if drugs were legal the world would be a better place. Are people on drugs aggressive, like drunks?" Before I can speak, Maggie continues: "Yeah. They should've given an ecstasy to Saddam Hussein and they wouldn't have had any problems." Everyone laughs and Lance



and Peter go through an impression of Hussein and Schwarzkopf on ecstasy. They decide it's time to leave and meet the rest of the fraternity.

At 11pm we stand outside the Blackmarket Cafe in the heart of Sydney. Only 18 months old, Blackmarket is a pup in the nightclub scene. It's one of a new wave of designer-label nightspots which has arisen to try to combat the generally ephemeral nature of nightclubs. Tanya, the nightclub's manager, says: "We have functions — like lesbian nights and student

nights, and we do book launches . . . we're even an art gallery sometimes. This is how we survive."

Dressed in an expensive suit, the bouncer on the door looks more likely to sell you stocks than bum's-rush you into the street. As we approach, he casts his eyes over us. Peter, dressed in ripped jeans and T-shirt, walks past the suited monolith and issues a cordial greeting, while a youth in Reeboks behind him is stopped.

Who knows what they are looking for?



Tanya tells me the doormen are after people with the "right attitude." Later in the evening I ask the barman who they let in. He replies quietly: "Anybody." Ten minutes later, I see the youth in Reeboks sidle up to the bar.

Inside, the walls are dark grey and dabbled with black. The bar is mainly lit with candles. The compartmentalised design, together with the dim lighting, gives the impression that the club is very small, although Perry, the head barman, asserts it holds 700 people. "We had them packed in here for a recovery party [an open party that starts at 6am the morning after a dance party and goes most of the day]. There was pussy everywhere," Perry says.

Tonight though, there is hardly an abundance of "pussy." Most of the clientele consists of men in their early thirties bedecked in gold jewellery. They stick to the walls, sip on Crown Lagers or Coronas and leer at any female who runs the gauntlet to the bar.

At the long marble bar Lance peels off his jacket to reveal a body which has spent many tortured hours beneath a bench press. A small blonde girl with brimming breasts in rustling taffeta casts him an approving glance. "You get a lot like that in here later on," he says. "Besides, I've got other things to do." He receives his order of beers and three Black Sambucas and we return to the table to find other people have gathered around Peter and Maggie.

For ten minutes the gang members go through ritual greetings. Lance is immersed in a flood of almost-kisses-on-the-cheek, well wishes, shrieks of sincerity and hearty handshakes. He looks at me, places a pill in his mouth and washes it down with a Sambuca. "Happy Birthday," someone says from the background.

"It will be now," he answers.

At 1:00am the club begins to pack out. People are two deep at the bar. Perry, the barman, hands out drinks and one-liners at a rapid rate. He stops only to spin a cocktail

the agony and the ecstasy

shaker on his hand, toss a bit of lemon skyward, open the shaker and catch the lemon behind his back. "Hey, I was doin' this five years before Tom Cruise," he announces to three girls at the bar, like he's said it a hundred times before. The girls giggle in unison.

I ask Perry what he does if he sees people taking drugs. "I give them a warning first. If I see them again, out they go. But —" he flashes an alligator smile "what people do in the toilet cubicle is their own business."

On the dance floor the strobe lights pulsate. For a nanosecond limbs dangle in precarious positions, contorted faces glisten with sweat and clothing seems to defy Newtonian physics. Like early animation, the next burst of light jerks the following scene into place. Every figure has changed position, every expression has subtly altered — except for one man, who stands perfectly still. It's Lance. "Jesus, he's out of it," Peter says. Lacking any sense of rhythm, Lance attempts to dance, but simply bumps into nearby people. He is peaking: he is feeling the initial rush of ecstasy. Inwardly, he is in a state of euphoria. His world is perfect; people are wonderful and life is a delightful, sensuous experience. Outwardly, he is a clumsy idiot.

Maggie and I weave through the crowd to the dance floor. Lance attempts to dance with a nearby girl. Her male partner issues us a curt warning: "Keep your wasted friend off the dance floor." Maggie nods and grabs Lance by the arm. He embraces her and kisses her like a lover, which she isn't. He embraces me also — I met him four days ago.

Upon returning to the gathering it is obvious everyone is under the influence of some type of drug. People regularly peel off from the group and come back sniffing. Maggie and Peter admit to taking half an ecstasy. Considering ecstasy is supposed to be a derivative of truth serum, they would probably admit to anything I asked them.

It's 3:30am and the gang decides to regroup in another nightclub. Lance is

bundled into a taxi with Maggie, Peter and myself. Lance takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and slurs: "DCM's would be great." The taxi driver smiles knowingly. "DCM" is an acronym for "Don't Cry Mama", which, according to one of the patrons standing out front of the club, is because it's a gay bar and "cry's what a gay guy's mama does when he tells her he's gay." None of our gang is gay. But gay bars are very trendy places to go in Sydney, primarily because they are less pretentious and, more importantly, they are the most tolerant of liberal behaviour. Also, a lot of heterosexual girls go to gay bars to escape the lechers in ordinary nightclubs.

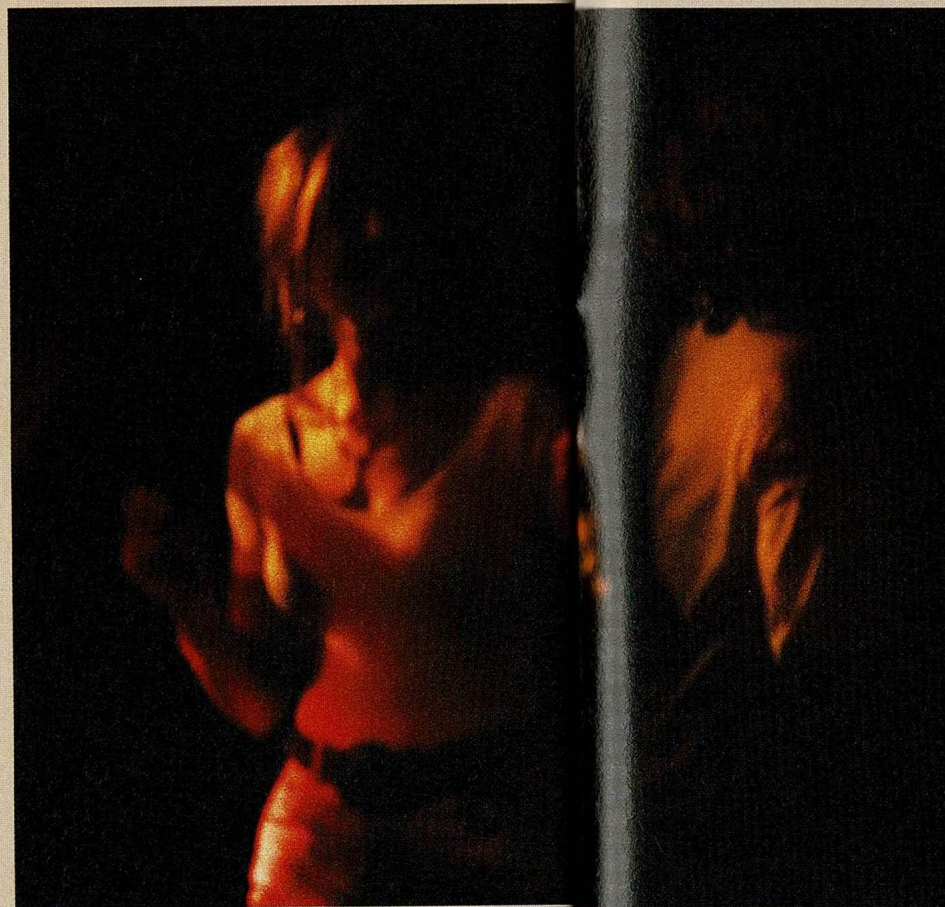
Inside DCM's the liberal attitude becomes apparent. The obligatory dim lighting conceals a maze of nooks and crannies. The acrid smell of perspiration, smoke and alcohol is oppressive. On the dance floor a horde of people throw themselves around like co-ordinated epileptics. Moisture — presumably sweat — drips from the ceiling.

Although the majority of the patrons are men, a lot of scantily clad females gyrate to the overpowering beat of loud house music. Peter explains to me that it's cool if girls and straights (heterosexuals) come in here, they just have to accept their surroundings. "And look, isn't this the perfect place to be if you're out of it? If you just want to have fun, this is the club to come to — no aggro, no hassle . . . just fun." Everybody — girls and guys — seems to be wearing bicycle shorts and T-shirts. Some men have abandoned the T-shirt. As we move further into the club, the crowd seems to swallow us and decadence oozes from every corner. We find a booth and settle down. I buy a round of drinks and don't get a lot of change from \$20.

Lance is over the worst of his ecstasy rush and makes sense, although he is still obviously under the influence. He keeps cuddling Maggie. Peter doesn't object — he's aware of the effects of ecstasy. A few of the faces arrive from Blackmarket and I am bombarded with a host of names and almost-kisses. Surprisingly, most of the group is drinking mineral water. Not Lance though. Someone's bought him a triple Stolichnaya on ice. After most of the group moves to the dance floor, Lance removes a few ecstasies and hands them out to the gang. Everyone ceremoniously swallows the pills. Lance washes his down with his triple Stoly.

By 5am everyone who has taken ecstasy is peaking and it is impossible to get sense out of them. I begin to find the false sincerity, temporal affection and, worst of all, their inane ramblings, unbearable. After bouncing off other patrons on the dance floor for 20 minutes, the group once again gathers at the table.

Again and again they suggest I take an ecstasy. "You can really enjoy yourself, man," Lance says. For a moment I ponder the offer, then it strikes me that this is an



integral part of the bonding process for this group. These people have been friends for a long time; but now spouses, work and diverging interests have diluted the bond which existed between them. Taking this drug revitalises the friendship by putting the gang on one even level. It will become the subject of conversation for weeks. Behaviour will be analysed and events will be relived. It will supply conversational fodder.

Furthermore, ecstasy is not done by degrees, like alcohol. Once you take it, you're committed and there is no hopping off. It's like a high-powered express ride to pleasure which everyone shares. As if on cue, Lance says: "You'll be just like us, man." I decline the offer. Lance, however, pops his third ecstasy.

During the taxi ride home, Peter asks the driver if it's okay to smoke a joint. The young, bearded driver agrees with a gleeful smile. Peter produces a large bag and begins to roll a thick joint. Maggie attempts to chat with the driver. Aware of the state of his passengers, the driver focuses on obscure — and to him, presumably humorous — topics. "Red lights always make me horny and green lights make me feel lazy," he says, leering at Maggie's legs. She laughs and changes the subject. Like a dog, Lance sticks his head out of the window and laps up the oncoming air. The joint is lit and passed around. The driver takes a long, obviously experienced toke and screeches around a corner. Insanity rules.

At the townhouse the gang pumps up



the music and begins dancing with each other and the olive oil. Peter, who took his second ecstasy half-an-hour ago, still feels no effect. Lance urges him to do push-ups to bring on the rush. He does this and claims the drug has begun to work. Mark and Karen sit on the deck chairs totally absorbed with each other. I find out later that they are married and quite heavily into ecstasy. "You know what?" Lance slurs

same table as they did the previous day. Glasses litter the table and the ashtray is full. They sip their beers and watch the tourists amble up and down the promenade. Maggie's face is gaunt and sallow with heavy, dark rings under her bloodshot eyes. Her make-up is smeared; her clothes bedraggled. Peter rests his head in his hands and smokes what must be his hundredth cigarette. He looks worse

"After most of the group moves to the dance floor, Lance removes a few ecstasies and hands them out . . ."

with his eyes shut. "Mark proposed to Karen while he was on ecstasy. Isn't that great?"

The last of the speed is dished out and the group moves into overdrive. Tiredness overtakes me and I decide to leave and rejoin them back at the Bondi Hotel for lunch. No-one notices me leave.

Midday at the Bondi Hotel, and the group has come the full circle. They sit at the

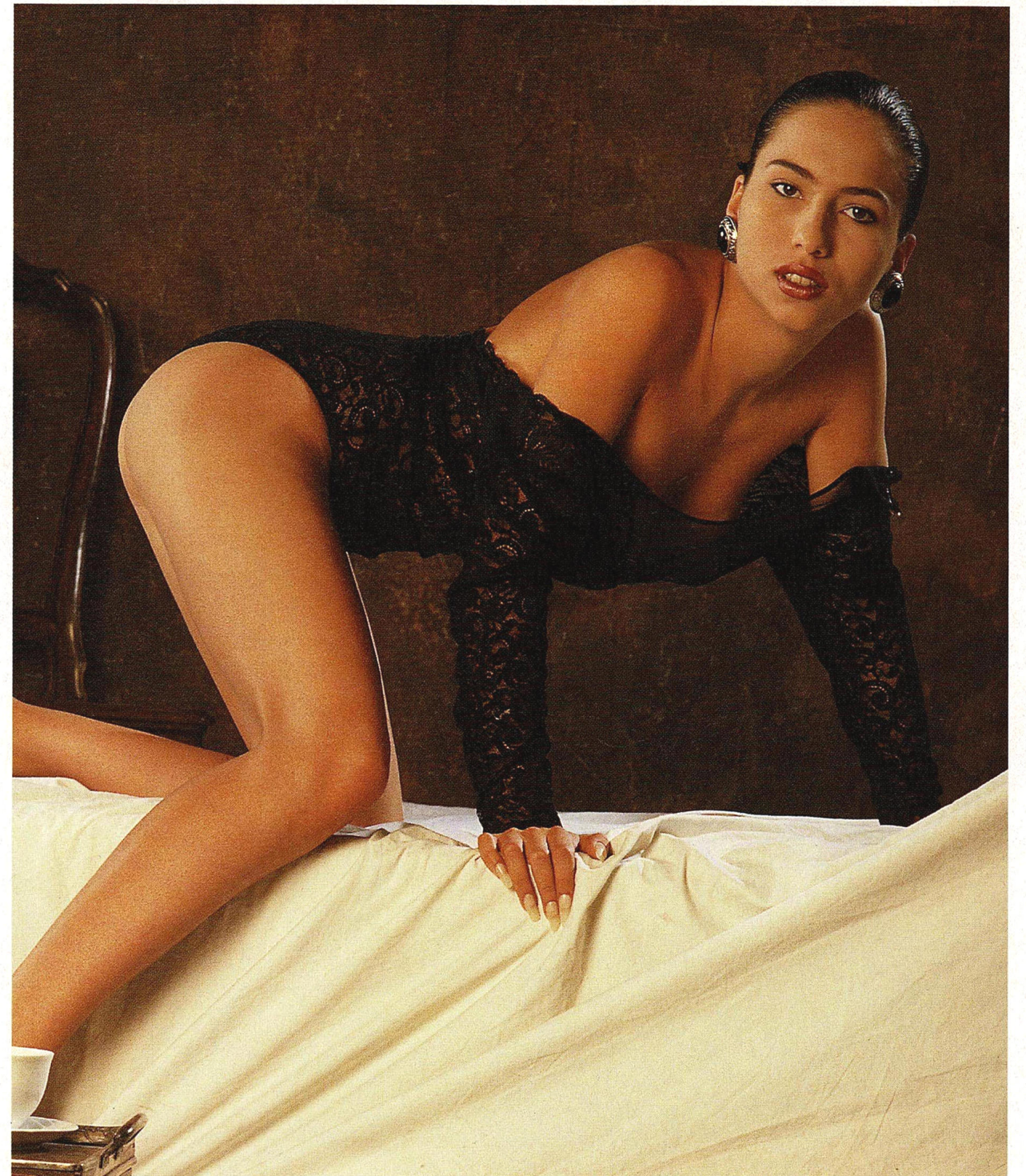
than Maggie. Silence dominates the table. I attempt to quiz them about their morning. Their responses are terse. There are four cans of VB lined up in front of Lance. He insists I buy him a beer and a Stoly. As he talks, it becomes obvious that he is now heavily under the influence of a new drug, a legal drug: alcohol. I buy him the drinks and remind him of his negative stance on alcohol. "Fuck it," he slurs, "it's my birthday." ☺



(CRACKLIN' ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY ROWLAND

Rosie Talavera is used to the glances she attracts from men, but she says it's usually because her admirers are wondering about her nationality.





"The truth of the matter is that I come from a combination of Sri Lankan mother and Spanish father. It doesn't matter much to me, but it's the one question men and women always ask." The 26-year-old dancer calls the world her home and has no immediate plans to settle down. "I haven't met the man who could make me stay in one place yet — but who knows what will happen tomorrow."



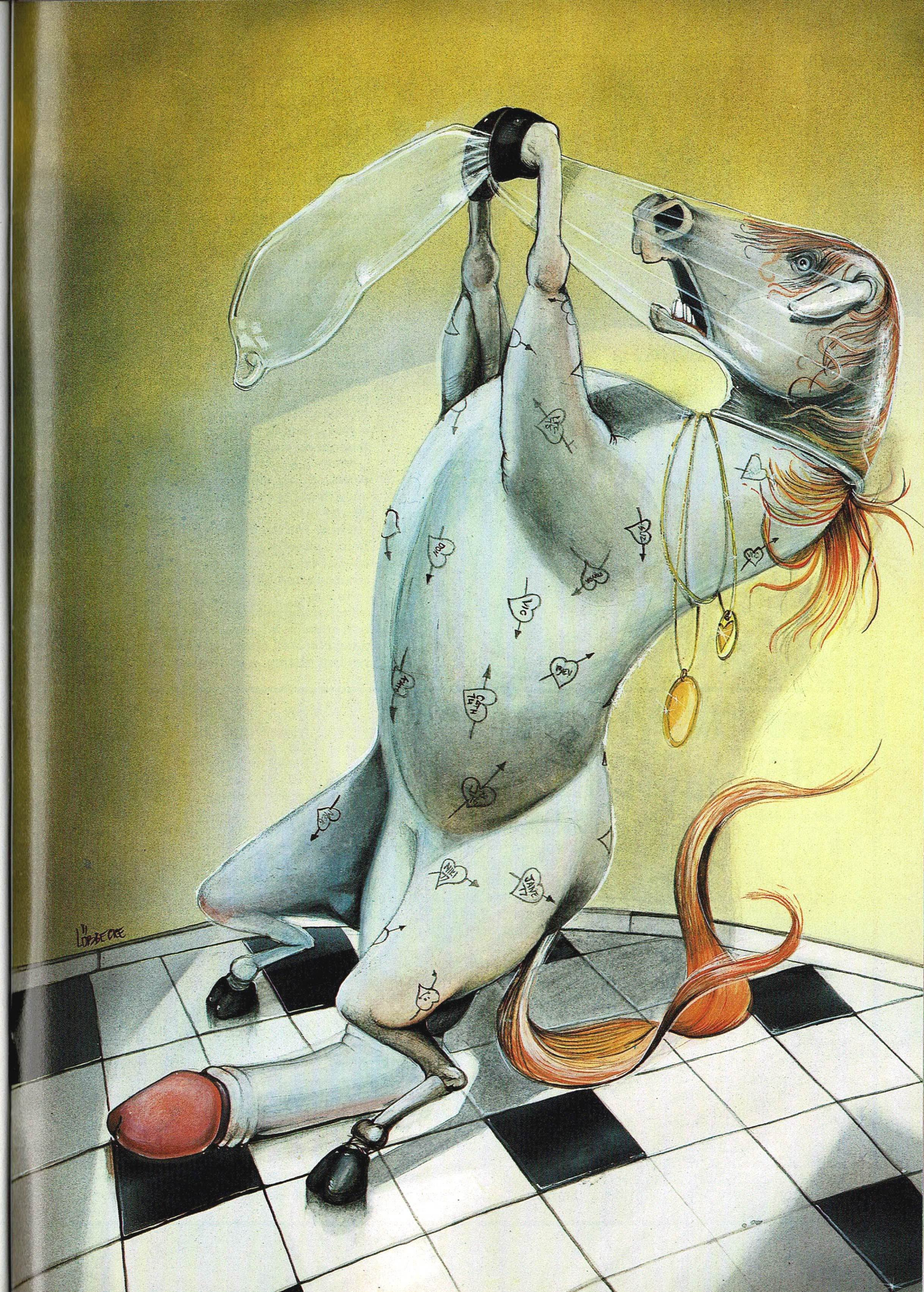


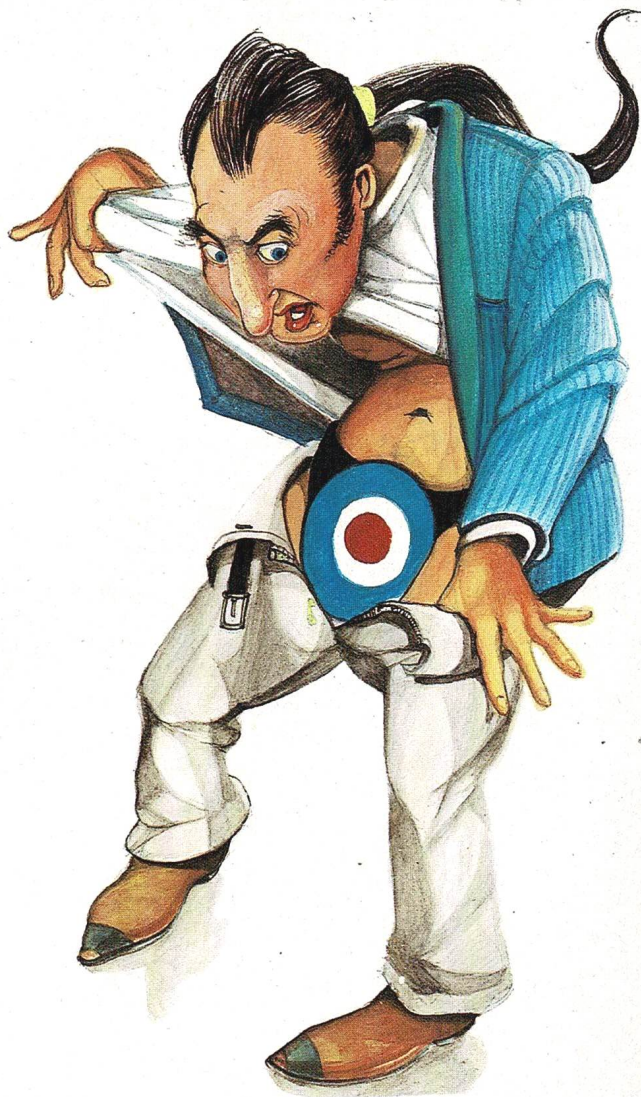
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERICK LÖBBECKE

STUDS

**Where
have
all the
bad
boys
gone?**

been withdrawn from circulation? It's been a long, woeful downhill run for the traditional stud, from the glory of the Seventies to the present day. The species (*Homeo Studeus*) is in decline — or at least, in hiding, as the world has turned its back on the heady heights of he-man humping in favour of careful coitus.





STUDDERY NOW

Studs, the television program, sadly illustrates the sorry state of present-day studdery. Supposedly a naughtier version of *Perfect Match*, *Studs* would be more aptly called "NOBS" or "Dorks Who Date Bitches Who Hate Them."

In case you haven't caught Channel Ten's televised dating wars, it features two wannabe studs versus three women whom they've "dated." During a recent episode, Brenda complained at length that she would have preferred Mike to have "at least another six inches." Mike squirmed round in his clammy vinyl armchair while Bitch Two and Bitch Three went on to say that he was a gross, sloppy kisser and a lunatic if he thought he was being seductive.

Would a genuine stud wear that sort of drivel? Would the troubleshooting dickslinger of the past even appear on *Studs*?

Would Warren Beattie suffer dissection from a panel of — (to pick but a few from a cast of thousands) — Joan Collins, Madonna and Bianca Jagger?

No way.

For an understanding of the stud species and ethos in it's purest and most unadulterated state, we must delve into ancient history — all the way back to 1978.

STUDDERY THEN

The *Stud* was an appalling movie starring Joan Collins and Oliver Tobias. Despite being nuked by critics, it inspired many a man in his formative years and remains one of the all-time most popular adult video rentals. Tobias as Tony — the stud — masterfully overcomes a pudding-bowl hair atrocity to doggedly donger his way through womankind. His bedroom is plastered with photos of centrefold-type girls scrawled with telling testament to his studdery:

"Tony you're the greatest...love Kimberly."

"Phew, what a night..."

"Jeez, you're a stud...Sheila."

That sort of thing, anyway.

Women entering into this shrine gasp in awestruck admiration before swan-diving on to Tony's waterbed/bean bag/bones. Just looking at his heavy-lidded eyes and slack Neanderthal jaw makes them drop to their knees with their

mouths open.

In return, the stud is potent, primed and prepared to drop his polyester flares at the slightest provocation.

What else can we learn from this homage to *Homo Studeus*?

- Tony-the-Stud splashed bucketsfull of he-man Brut on to his bear-rug of a chest, even though he didn't really need to, as he reeked of pheromones.

- To arouse any woman he wanted, he simply smouldered across the room in a manner that, today, would make people suspect him of being a serial killer.

- The Stud saw himself as some sort of honey bee driven to scatter pollen and burrow into the most fragrant blooms.

- He felt it was his biological duty to spray his semen as high, low, far and wide as possible in between bragging about it to his mates.

- Women worshipped at the shrine of his masculinity and he bestowed upon them blessings of mythical multiple orgasms and clit-shattering cunnilingus.

Modern dictionaries don't offer any of the foregoing descriptions. You're more

likely to find something like: Stud; (a) A nailhead, a shiny decorative protuberance. (b) An animal retained for breeding purposes.

This is ironic, since there are few ideas more horrific to *Homo Studeus* than that of being "retained for breeding purposes." Indeed, if a woman wanted to know whether or not the bloke she'd corralled was a stud, all she needed to do was whisper the word "babies" and then sit back to see if his balls dropped off.

The term no doubt arose from observations of the magnificent stud stallion — a noble and awesomely endowed fellow whose purpose in life is to mate with as many mares as possible.

Studdery had its heyday in the Seventies when to be single was sublime and for the first time the Pill rendered women truly available. No excuses. The stud and The Pill were cohorts and with the spectre of suburban prison removed from his consciousness, the stud was able to fornicate without fear.

That brief period in which we were post-Pill and pre-killer-sex-plagues was the Golden Age of Studdery.

THE FLARED STUD

In the Seventies, the stud was inevitably: a rock star; a hairdresser; a fashion photographer; a cocaine dealer; a racing-car driver; a jet pilot; a DJ; a nightclub manager; an actor playing these roles; a bloke purporting to be any of the above. He said things like: "Was it good for you, baby?"

"Did you come?"

"What's your star sign?"

"You must be an air hostess/Swedish/a model..."

"I'd like to buy you a leg opener, uh, a Screaming Orgasm, it's a drink..."

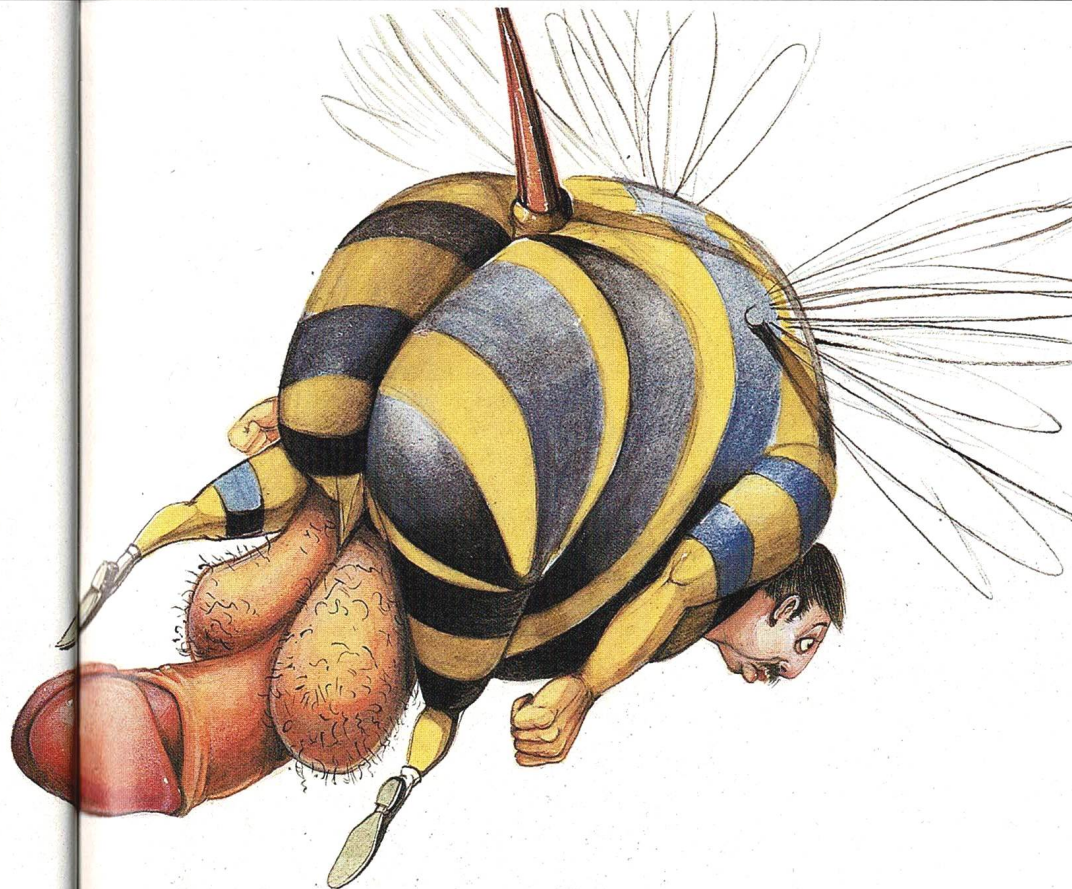
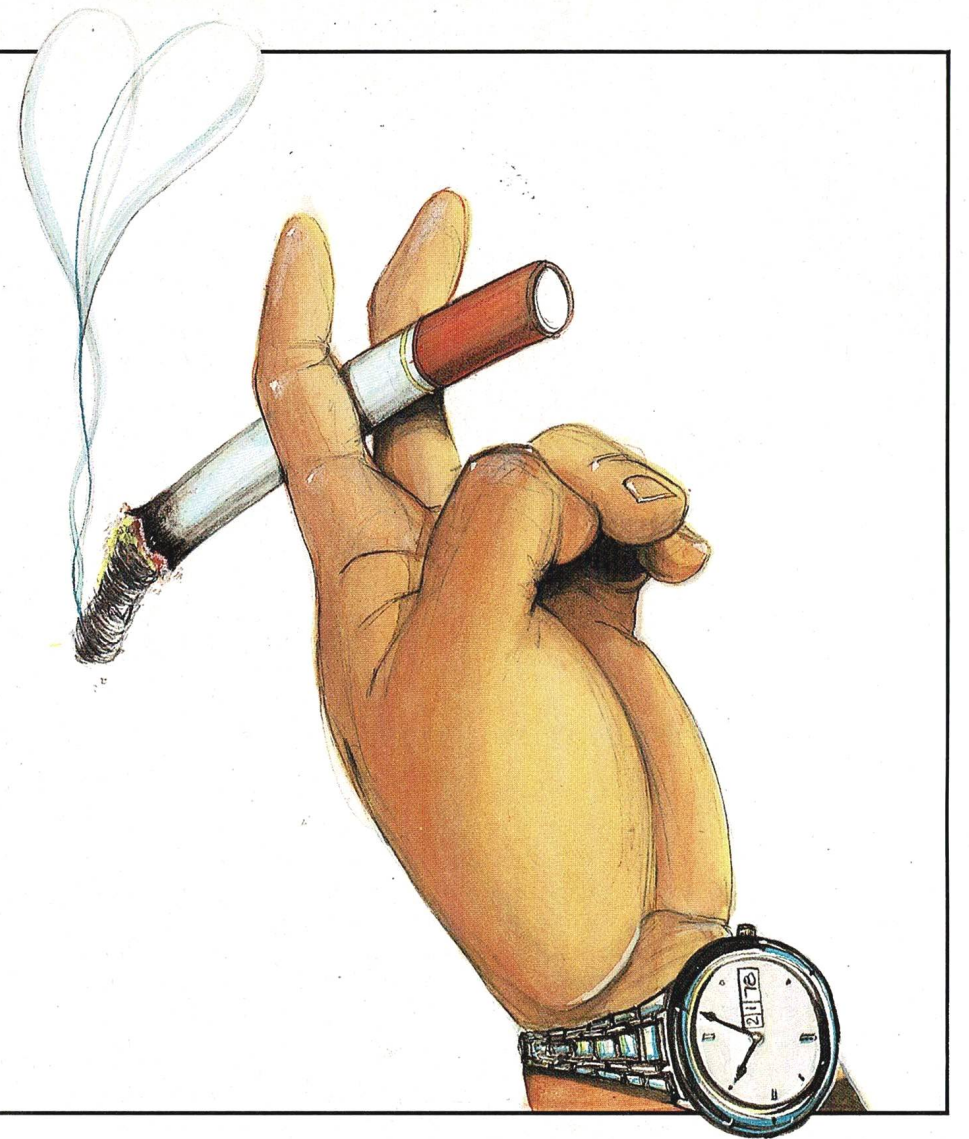
"You must be frigid. Denise always loved it with the ice cubes and amyl."

"Sure, I'm a feminist — we'll do 69 and then you can go on top..."

"Oh, my God, I'm coming..."

Geronimooooo!

If you think you may have uttered any of the above phrases in the past decade, seek professional help immediately. Please. You may be trapped in a time-war.



FAREWELL TO HOLLYWOOD

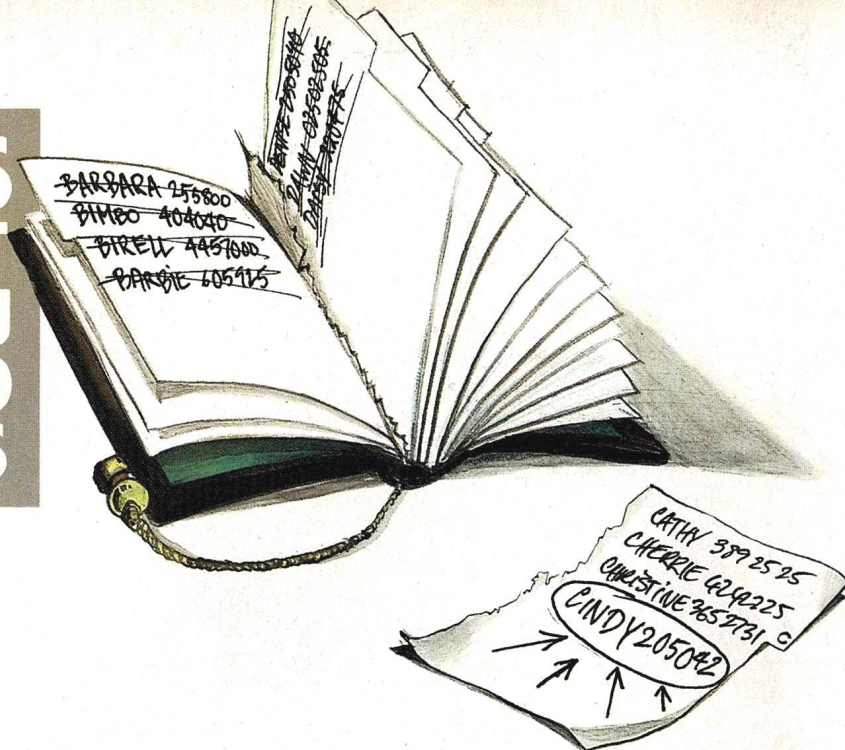
"I'm a one-woman man." — Warren Beattie, 1992.

"What? One every 20 minutes?" — Clive James.

Whatever happened to Hollywood? Once upon a time, a publicity agent's job consisted of covering up evidence of his client's depraved promiscuity, casting-couch capers and twitchy nose. Nowadays, they're reduced to trying to interest a jaded media in their star's boycott of McDonald's and endorsement of biodynamic farming.

When the Berlin Wall came down and Warren went mono, we knew we were living in a world changed beyond recognition. Once upon a time, super-studs like Beattie reigned supreme in Hollywood. Magazines droolingly documented their myriad conquests and tabloids compared sexual techniques of duelling studs beneath a cloak of moral outrage.

Now, stud is a bad career move and



even Warren is enjoying autumn fatherhood with actress Annette Bening. Ditto Burt, Chuck, Clint and Jack, although not with Annette.

Hollywood is now ruled by Kevin Costner, married to his high-school smooch Cindy, who sings hymns to the twin values of monogamy and family. He does like to dress up like a native American and play wigwams, but that doesn't matter because he is a nice boy.

No doubt aware of this, Dennis Quaid, who ought to have been a stud, has also succumbed to the connubial bonds. Alec Baldwin, Andy Garcia, Patrick Swayze, Kurt Russell, Mel Gibson, etc, are, or are about to become, good family men.

Boys like Keifer Sutherland, Johnny Depp and Keanu Reeves, who are all potential studlets, have eschewed serial screwing in favour of serial engagements.

DUREX STUD

In the Eighties and Nineties, studdery took a turn for the worse: "Herpes, AIDS, the Middle East at full throttle... you better check that sausage before you put it in the waffle." — Lou Reed, 1986.

These are fallow times for the phallocentric, polygamous male. Society is no longer receptive to him and his hormones.

Animal-loving, baby-craving, one-woman hunks are in vogue, and the pussy-loving, insensitive *Homo*

Studeus has been put out to pasture. These days, indiscriminately dipping your wick is about as wise as dipping your forearm into a poolful of piranhas. Even the elegantly irrepressible 007 has seen the writing on the wall and now averages a female body-count of one-and-a-half per movie instead of his previous zillion-plus.

A stud seeking self expression may be forced to become a professional virgin.

Although there's a call for the return of the male centrefold in woman's magazines, they're

advising readers to choose only men with a history of stable relationships.

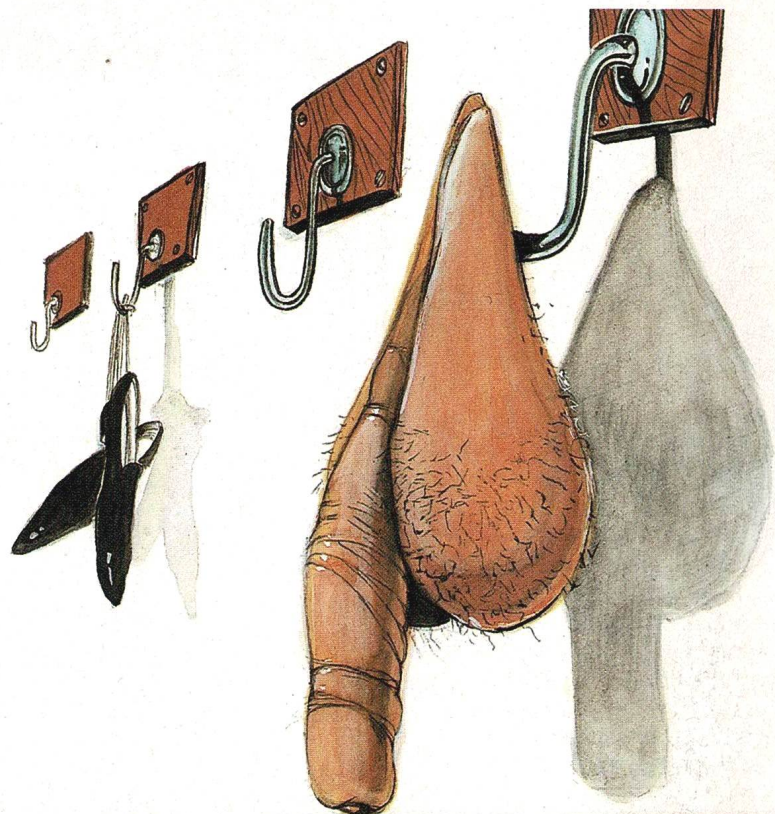
On dates it's *de rigueur* to prattle on disarmingly about how you can only get an erection if you're having sex within a stable and committed relationship with a view to marriage.

Many studs, still flared from the first time around, can't figure out why slyly hinting at the legion of obscenely satisfied and thoroughly fucked females in their pasts doesn't get them laid any more.

The Durex stud — he has a crate beneath his bed — is a shadow of his spunky Seventies counterpart and can be found most often circling the lawn at barbecues. There he is, pining at the white picket fence, gamely flirting with his friend's daughters who think he's an old perv, trying to interest his neighbours in a wife-swap encounter and all the while hoping to justify his revolving waterbed with the mood-muzak speakers in the headboard.

"What's wrong with chicks today?" he complains. "What's happened to free love? In my day..."

Perhaps one day the stud will stride the earth again. But in the meantime, *Homo Studeus* is stuck, morosely grazing the suburban paddocks, watching *Studs* on television and reassuring himself that if he had his way, he'd give those foxes a root to remember. And failing all that, thinking that he really must replace his worn old copy of a certain inspirational film from the decade before last. ☐



seize the day

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I used to worry so much about my future," says blue-eyed beauty Holly Hunter. "But after graduating as an accountant and working in the rat-race for a while, I realised the best way to live is day by day."



The 24-year-old Gemini still works in the city, but she's cut down on stress and now gives more time to relaxing in her rural hide-away. "I believe that stress speeds up the aging process," she says. "And that's the last thing I want."





Holly thought that doing a shoot for *Penthouse* would be fun, and, she says, it was. "We shot the photos at my house, where I could relax and just blend with the scenery. I felt fantastic."





A vertical advertisement for Tiffany's. It features a woman's legs in white shorts and red high-heeled shoes, standing on a wet surface that reflects the city lights. In the background, a city skyline is visible at night, with the CN Tower prominently lit in blue. The Tiffany's logo is written in its signature script at the top. Below it, the phrase "We love you — always" is written in a cursive font.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

RICHIE AND FRAN



Instead of the usual card and rose, Richie knew that what Fran really wanted for her birthday was a weekend in the country and lots of warm, loving attention. Spiriting her away that Friday night, he found a room in a romantic colonial country inn . . . everything they were looking for, and breakfast too!





Away from the world, they dressed and undressed . . . changed clothes and mood . . . made love, ate, watched television and made love again . . . and again.

It was a magical weekend, rich in the sensual urgency and depth of its detail. In the end, Richie and Fran will marry, and the magic will continue as it began.





FEAR

Continued from page 38

women than was normal. Their world views were extremely old-fashioned — nearly Old Testament — and were used to excuse violence and the oppression of all women. Sexuality was found to be much more important to male self-image than female, sexual potency and prowess having a defining power for men. Men who overidentified with this had a fundamental contempt for women. They might consider rape, or "forced sex", as an expression of virility.

In her study, McCabe said this could be an important factor in date rape and gang rape. Both tend to occur at large social events, where young men, seeking approval for themselves, can mistakenly think of sexual domination as a quick path to acceptance and power. McCabe reviewed studies which found that male behaviour at functions like sporting piss-ups and college socials emphasised very immature and adolescent views of women and sex — that men were superior to women, that women were meat, attitudes basically hostile to women and approving of their submission and humiliation.

Role stereotyping is inevitable in any closed fraternal environment such as the army, the police force or colleges. The specific culture tends to determine the thoughts and behaviour of all who embrace it. Every women's officer from every student union we spoke to criticised the campus colleges for this reason. College administrators don't encourage

rape, but according to their critics, many don't discourage attitudes and behaviour which lead to rape.

Some are attempting change. Some universities have set up education programs for both men and women. Some campuses now include sexual harassment and assault on their schedules of disciplinary rules. Even so, they're not moving at breakneck speed. ANU, for instance, is only now considering the inclusion of sexual offences in its disciplinary code, nearly ten years after the idea was first mooted. Many universities do not have channels for dealing with sexual assault; neither punishment for the offenders nor support for the survivors.

Queensland University, compared with most southern campuses, is quite advanced in its approach. The university can — and does — try students on sexual complaints. A bus provides safe transport to car parks and colleges and this year a warning about sexual attacks was issued with each student card. Nonetheless Queensland still has one of the worst reputations in the country for sex attacks. Female students' awareness of the danger is so high on campus that some won't walk to their cars alone in the middle of the day, never mind after dark. For the past few years the students' union has run a high-profile security campaign.

Union officers frequently criticise the administration for not taking the issue seriously. The admin launched its UNISAFE program in a blare of publicity at the start of the year. Part of the program included taking on new casual and part-time security guards. But sources within

the administration allege that the hours of full-time security staff have been juggled and cut back to pay for this.

Most disturbing of all, when one young woman was attacked at night in a car park in the middle of the campus, the administration's off-the-record response was that she should have expected trouble. They ignored the fact that thousands of students are forced to take late-night lectures because of overcrowded day classes and that recent changes to campus parking rules have forced students further and further out into the dark.

That Queensland is a pace-setter in security cannot be denied, even though there is a very strong element of gallows humour to the claim. What progress has been made is probably due in large part to a well resourced and activist student union, which has forced the administration to face up to the attacks. Southern campuses, which for the most part have poorly funded and much less powerful student associations, have found the going much tougher.

Legal opinion is that the universities may find themselves open to court action if they do not move soon. Case law is building up quickly in the US where a number of colleges have already been forced to pay out millions of dollars to survivors of rape. The State of California settled for \$US210,000 (\$A280,000) when a student was raped in a female law-school toilet. The College of Charleston paid \$US240,000 to a girl who was beaten and raped in her dorm room. And Howard University paid \$US150,000 to a woman abducted from one of their car parks and raped at gunpoint. Similar cases have been reported here, at Queensland, LaTrobe, Monash and Hobart.

Lawyers say Australian courts will recognise the same duty of care that has become an established principle in the US. "It is just a matter of finding the right case," says one solicitor approached by the National Union of Students to investigate launching a class-action suit.

When presented with cases similar to those above, Australian courts would be interested in whether the assault was foreseeable, whether security measures were reasonable and whether the authorities had warned students of the possible dangers. Many of the American suits turned on the question of negligent misrepresentation by the colleges that they were reasonably safe and that students need not take any special measures to safeguard themselves.

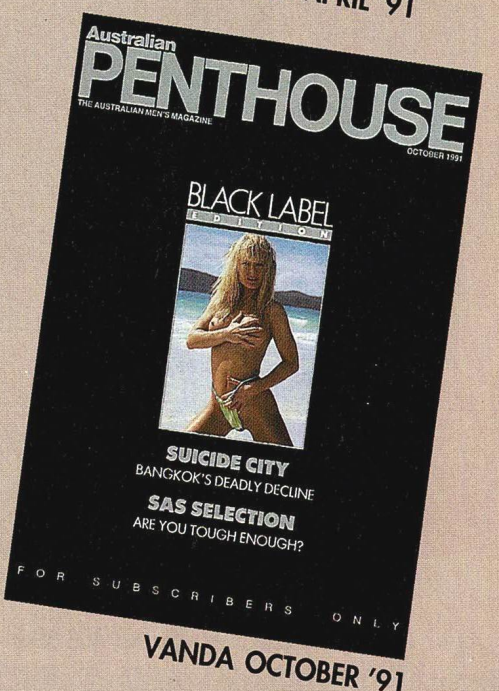
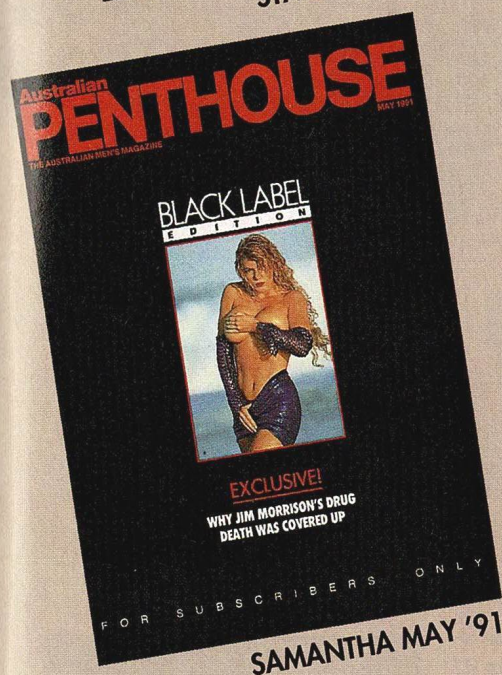
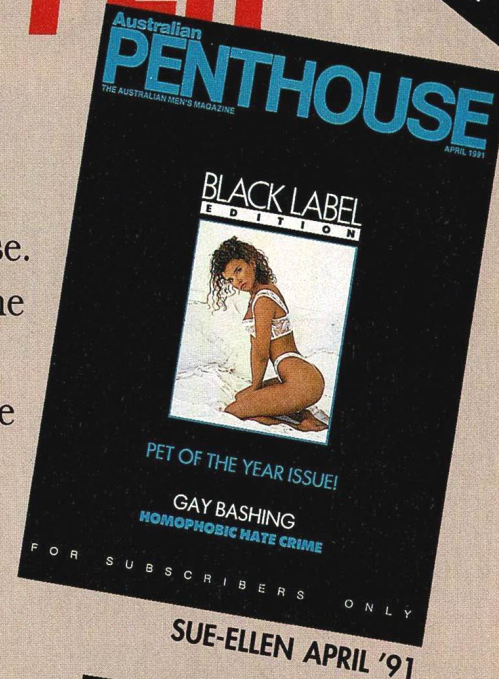
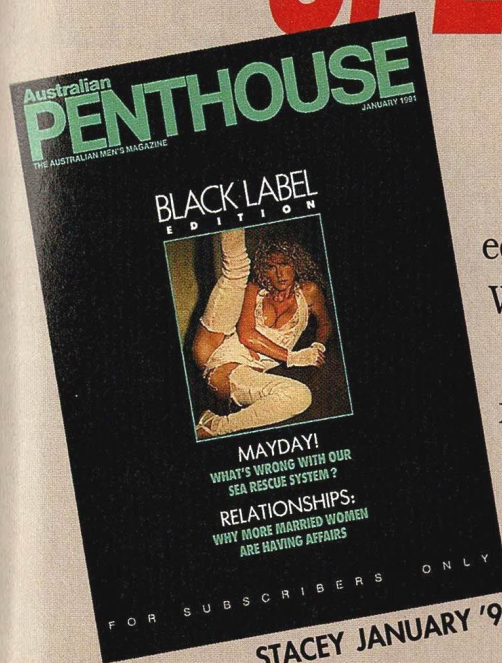
At the time of writing, preparations for the Australian suit were in their infancy. But the lawyers were of the opinion that a rich lode is lying in wait for the legal system and that if Australian universities wanted to avoid the penalties imposed on US colleges, they should get moving on the campus rape issue.

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kevorkian's demon

Continued from page 71

bag over her head to suffocate herself in her sleep but she kept waking up and pulling the bag off. Finally her husband put the bag on and secured it with rubber bands. Virginia died shortly afterwards, and Robert was charged with murder in the first degree. Michigan didn't want to become the Suicide State.

Derek Humphrey's first wife was dying of cancer when she asked him to help her end the pain. Jean's condition was so advanced that her bones would break under the stress from her own muscles if she moved suddenly. Knowing that he was breaking the law against assisted suicide, Derek obtained prescription drugs from a sympathetic doctor and mixed them in coffee for his wife. Jean drank them and died 50 minutes later.

That started Humphrey on a quest for justice, compassion and realism in matters concerning terminal illness and the end of one's life. He ultimately founded the Hemlock Society in Eugene, Oregon, which promotes personal autonomy. The society supports what it calls "The Death With Dignity Act" which, if it ever becomes law in any state, will permit a doctor to aid a patient in "self-deliverance." The Death With Dignity Act was tested by

referendum and defeated in Washington State and California in 1991. There may be a hindrance in that no state wants to be the first to make itself known as the "Suicide State."

A few months after Kevorkian's actions prompted so much public attention, Humphrey's book *Final Exit* was published, and Carol Publishing, which handles distribution of the book, began trying to get it into bookshops. From the outset, there were problems. *Final Exit* is, by a Hemlock spokesperson's own description, a "suicide manual." It gives step-by-step instructions on how to kill yourself (and how not to). Perhaps even more controversial, much of it is directed at doctors in medical language.

Steven Shragis, the owner of Carol Publishing, was a proponent of euthanasia. He persuaded Humphrey to let Carol Publishing distribute *Final Exit*. But the bookstores didn't want to carry it. And as soon as it appeared, self-styled watchdogs of morality began criticising Humphrey's right to have written it, and our right to read it.

Someone at Carol Publishing knew a reporter at the *Wall Street Journal* and asked if the paper would like a business story about a small publishing company's attempts to promote an offbeat book.

The story ran, and by the following month Humphrey was ordering more books printed. Now *Final Exit* is in its third

print run and Humphrey has requested another 80,000.

At its heart, *Final Exit* is a book about the individual taking control. For someone facing a horrible death in the throes of a terminal illness, suicide may be the only way to take control, the only key to a life and death with dignity. This account was written by the son of a scientist who killed himself: "After his retirement, when he was thinking about ending his life as his prostate cancer advanced, my father went to a chemical supply house and purchased a bottle of ferrocyanide, and a few other related chemicals so as not to arouse suspicion. He was very forthright and open about this with his family. On the bottle of ferrocyanide he wrote: 'This is my control.'"

The Reverend John Paris from Holy Cross has summed it up in this fashion: "For the individual whose journey has indeed come to its conclusion, for example, the individual with end-stage liver disease whose heart stops, we do not say: 'At last he is at peace.' We shout: 'Code Blue.' That is the problem."

Kevorkian says: "It doesn't matter what the patient's religion is or what the doctor's religion or philosophy is. All that counts is that this is a medical problem for a person who seeks help from a doctor with medical expertise. That's all that counts. No law, no religion, no politics, no judge, should interfere with that relationship. O—

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HOT WHEELS

Heather Sweet is a 21-year-old on the move. And so much so that when the opportunity arose to appear in the pages of *Penthouse*, she insisted on having her classic Thunderbird convertible included in her stunning shots.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE FELIX



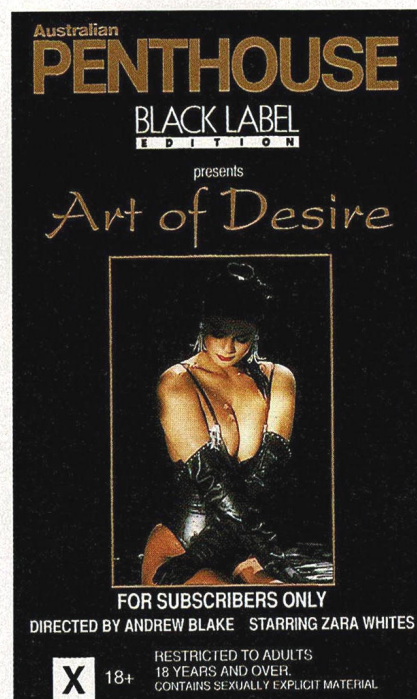
**"It was a
 present from an
 ex-boyfriend.
 We fell out of
 love, but I
 adored his car
 so much that he
 gave it to me. It
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THE NEW BARBARIANS I

(Rated X) also from VCA and released last year proved so popular that a sequel was made and Part II will be available later this year. A glowing crystal that causes sexual arousal as well as time travel is the centrepiece of this entertaining sexual sword-and-sorcery epic. Directed by the award winning Henri Pachard, it features Victoria Paris, one of the biggest stars in adult entertainment with over 100 films to her credit. Victoria has the perfect figure — dreamy eyes and a voluptuous body that softens in all the right places. What more could one ask for! With a running time of over 80 minutes, it is great value at \$35.00.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS: ALOHA HAWAII

(Rated R) is this month's new *Penthouse* video. It is strictly for those people who enjoy looking at gorgeous women, who are curious as to what goes on behind the scenes of a *Penthouse* photographic shoot and who have always wondered what a Pet thinks about as she poses nude for the camera.

Hank Londoner, the renowned *Penthouse* photographer, takes you and five of our most beautiful international centrefolds to Hawaii where you get to go behind the scenes as he sets up the shots and then photographs every inch of their perfect bodies. Sheer pleasure, and it's yours for only \$35.00.

SWINGER'S INK

(Rated X) from VCA offers an entertaining and raunchy story featuring sex and more sex. Runs for 95 minutes and is priced at \$35.00 for great value.



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**NEW
RELEASES!**

FACE VALUE

Continued from page 54

smoke a couple of joints, OD, and be sick in front of you. We've had security guards slipping and falling in it and you've got to sing with all this going on and it actually stinks, you can smell it. I'm not anti-drugs or anti-alcohol but I'm anti-abuse."

For all his predilection for the lower continent, we may not see Collins again for quite a while. The next Genesis tour, a "stadium shortie", won't include Australia.

After that tour is disposed of, it will be Hollywood or bust for the balding one with the copious charisma — a man who works out regularly at the gym and has so many muscles bursting out of the white singlet he's wearing on the set of *Frauds* that it's almost intimidating.

If all goes to plan, the vehicle that will keep Collins busy in 1993 is a film that he suggested as a joke but which took on a life of its own. It began in 1985 during the *No Jacket Required* tour when he read a review in Houston, Texas which called him a "Danny Devito lookalike."

"I thought, 'fuck, I've heard it all now', but it really stayed in my mind. By the end of the tour I'd been called short, stocky, tubby, fat, cheerful, boisterous, all those kinds of adjectives, as well as a 'Bob Hoskins lookalike.' This was before I'd

done any acting, but I thought that it would be really funny, the three of us — Devito, Hoskins and myself — as the Three Bears. So when I did the *Buster* press thing I said as a joke that I was making a *Goldilocks and The Three Bears* film with those guys. Then suddenly it was in print and they were putting pictures of the three of us together and the ball had started rolling. I actually got a telegram from Kim Basinger saying 'I'd love to be Goldilocks.' But the thing is, I hadn't told the other guys.

"I knew Hoskins, so I rang and said: 'They've started to write this stuff, would you be interested?' He said: 'Well, it's a great idea, show me a script.' I knew Danny because he had asked me to write a couple of songs for *The War Of The Roses* — neither of which he liked — and he said much the same thing, although he kept adding, 'you think I'm a bear, huh?'

"Penny Marshall wanted to produce it but she got so involved with *Awakenings* that it fizzled out. So we took it away and found Michael Shamberg, who did *The Big Chill* and *A Fish Called Wanda*.

"Danny and Bob are well on board and I keep seeing Hoskins on TV shows being asked about it and he says: 'Yes, I've read I'm doing it so I am doing it.' So this word-of-mouth thing actually does work."

For Phil Collins, the "buzz" of work remains all-important. "I still get a buzz out of making records and writing songs," he declares, "and now I'm getting a buzz

out of acting."

In fact, his dedication to the things he loves can be quite overpowering. Take his passion for the Beatles, which manifests itself in a vast collection of bootleg albums and CDs of outtakes and curios.

"I think it must be the special period I grew up in. Bill Haley and Elvis never meant much to me and I never really understood their importance, but Beatle records still stand up and sound as great today as when they were made.

"I was very lucky to be interviewed by George Martin once for a TV series that never went to air and he happened to mention that he was remastering the original Beatles albums for CD.

"So I went down and he was working on 'Yesterday' and 'Ticket To Ride' and I got to put one fader up at a time and listen to each of the four tracks. And I realised that it was probably the last time anybody would get to do that because they're all on digital now, there'll never be any need to remaster them again. There were coughs and splutters and lots of vocal tracks and the magic was what happened when George put it all together through the compressors. He has never gone without credit, but I don't believe he's ever got as much as he deserves. You know, they were a great group but they were better once they'd gone through the Martin hands." 



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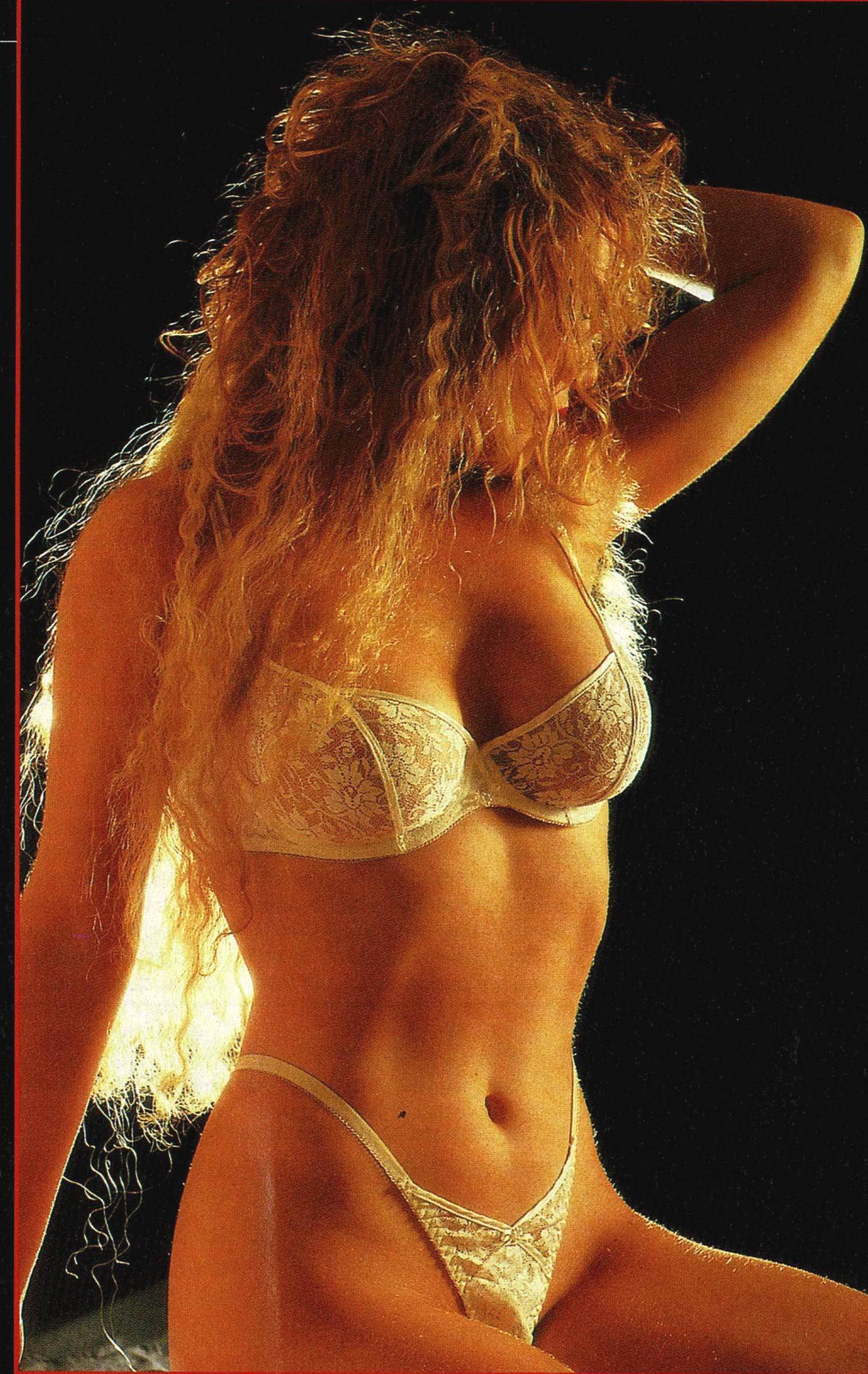
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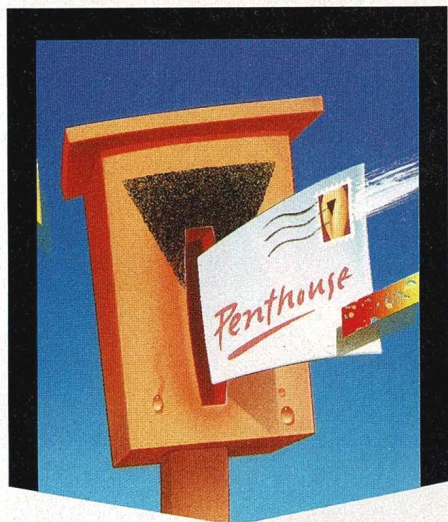
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forum

Continued from page 8

But all along, my thoughts were towards a third person other than my sister. Boy, was I in for a surprise.

It was on a Saturday night following a lazy day that, having gone to bed quite early, John and I began to make love. He has a wonderful way of arousing me by gently massaging me all over while deliberately staying away from my most sensitive erogenous zones. He works me up to a fever pitch and then hones in on my breasts, nibbling the nipples and sucking as much of their fullness into his mouth as he can. At the same time his hand is exploring my vaginal area, stroking my cunt lips until they are open and oozing my wetness. He moves his head down my stomach then flicks my clit

with the tip of his tongue. This sends me into heaven and my thighs tighten around his head as I climax with a groan.

On the night in question, I was just on the brink of coming when my sexual adventure began. I felt movement on the bed. Looking down over my breasts all I could see was John's head buried between my legs. But on the side I was shocked and amazed to see Marina. She was quite naked and as she moved closer to me I could only admire her taut body. Her breasts jutted out in front and her sparse pubic hair made her look girl-like. She told me that now was the time to put our fantasies into practice and that she and John had already discussed it. Would I mind if she joined us? Well I was on the verge of orgasm, with my man's head between my thighs, his tongue gently lapping at my cunt while I lay back in naked splendour. I was not in a position to say no.

With that, Marina knelt alongside me and with no warning, bent over and kissed my nipples. Her own tits swung against my side. It felt like an electric shock and I literally jumped under her touch. Almost involuntarily, my hand brushed one of her tits and I found myself holding it and rubbing her nipple.

It was hard and protruding, in sharp contrast to the full softness of her breast. Marina was now softly licking my own tits while John returned his attention to my cunt, thrusting his tongue inside and then licking my clit.

Marina lifted her head from my chest and whispered to John that it was her turn. John drew back from my thighs and Marina climbed over me so that her thighs

were on either side of my breasts and she was facing my feet. Her vagina hovered over my face.

Without warning and to my absolute shock, Marina eased her genital area on to my face. I was enveloped by a musky aroma and her wet slit was rubbing over my nose and mouth.

At this stage I might have called a stop to proceedings were it not for what Marina began to do to me. Part of the reason for her descending on me was so she could get to my own vagina. With a sure, knowing touch that I suspect only a woman has, she started to nuzzle and lick me. Darting her tongue in and out of me, her hands caressed my thighs and buttocks. I drew my knees up and spread them to give her better access. I could not help myself. I was squirming around under her soft feminine body, jerking my hips up as my climax approached. Her sex filled my senses and I came. As I did so Marina pushed her face into my cunt, burying her tongue as far as it would go into my box. I shuddered and shook in supreme sexual release, my breasts heaving and my fingers digging into Marina's backside.

John announced that he wanted to fuck Marina. Neither of us had any objection to that and we started to separate. But he told us to stay where we were. John then climbed round to where my head was and straddled Marina from behind. Because she is quite small, this was quite easy. The sight of his erect penis was another turn-on for me. He was oozing pre-come in such quantities that it was dripping on my face. His hairy balls were drawn up close to his body and I could see his shaft quivering in anticipation.

Marina reached between her legs to guide John's cock into her. He placed the head of his cock at the entrance to her cunt while she grabbed the base. With a solid shove, his cock slipped inside her until his balls were nestled in her pubic hair. I watched as John slowly, very slowly, withdrew until only his cock head was in her. As he did so her cunt lips clung to his glistening shaft.

John is a master fucker. He uses his thick, hard cock to excite, probe and thrust, but only at his pace. Marina was groaning and grinding her arse back at him, gasping and moaning for him to fuck her and fill her cunt with cock.

As Marina was being fucked, I could feel her tits pressing against my belly. Her head was still resting on my thighs, her arms drawn back alongside her where she clutched at John's thighs, trying to keep him inside her. She was making small whimpering sounds as he screwed her slowly.

I found myself getting turned on again and could not resist raising my head up so I could kiss and lick her cunt and John's shaft as it eased in and out of her. I could see he was rock hard and the

contrast between his stiff cock and Marina's soft wet cunt was exciting. I licked along the length of his shaft when he withdrew, keeping my tongue on him as he pushed in until I could caress the area between his balls and his anus. We kept this up for quite a while with me also paying attention to Marina's clit, which would send a shiver through her body each time.

But then John started to move faster. He was really powering into her now. His hips knocked against her spread arse so that her buttocks quivered with each thrust. Her juices began to flow again and his cock was covered with a sticky, milky fluid that gathered at the base of his cock and then dripped on to my face.

Holding Marina's hips firmly with his hands, John fucked her strongly. His thrusting grew slightly erratic and I knew that he was about to come. Sure enough, with a deep growl he buried his cock in her cunt and began to pump his sperm into my sister.

I moved my lips up to his balls and enveloped them in my soft mouth, sucking gently as I did so. This made John groan and shudder as he bent over Marina's back. I could feel his cock pulsating as he emptied his load into her. Marina had got a good hold on his legs and was fiercely gripping them to hold his pulsating cock deep within.

We were all exhausted and didn't move

for quite a time. Finally, John withdrew slowly, causing Marina to sigh in disappointment.

We finally disentangled ourselves and as Marina lay back I went down on her to capture as much of my husband's sperm as possible.

Afterwards, the bed was soaked with spunk and cunt juice, but we didn't care at all as we held each other in sexual companionship.

Since then we have repeated our *menage a trois*, but that first time was special. — *Name and address withheld*

Paradise Lost

Mike and I had a relationship that's hard to find today. But unfortunately it ended.

He used to give me *Penthouse* magazines and I would read the Forum letters while he was at work, so I would be hot and wet when he arrived home. It worked.

Our sex life was unreal. We had sex six to seven times a day — in the swivel chair, on the rocking chair, on the floor, in the shower, on the breakfast table, against the wall, on the loo, on the bathroom bench and of course, in bed.

It was love at first sight for both of us. After a couple of weeks I knew what he liked. I shaved my pussy for him, wore a lavender lace teddy, a G-string and nipple-less bra. I used a vibrator in front of

him, sucked his dick and rode him like a wild bull.

He knew what I liked, too. I loved looking at his body, feeling his lustrous dick pumping hot cream down my throat, like a bullet hitting its target. I loved his magic fingers, and his talented tongue. The things they did to me are impossible to describe.

The thing I really loved was his dick for dessert. I'd cover his great pulsating cock in chocolate then suck and lick until it was clean. I loved watching him jerk himself off, and I loved sucking his balls.

One night he came home. I was on the phone having an in-depth conversation with my friend. Mike walked over, got on his knees, slid his hand up my skirt on to my exposed arse — covered only by a thin G-string — spread my legs apart, pulled the G-string aside and started licking my wet pussy. I couldn't stand up any longer — I abruptly hung up. We moved to the big old rocking chair where I discovered Mike was rock-hard. We kissed and played around, then I sucked his dick while he licked my soaking wet pussy. We'd do this until neither of us could handle it any more, then we would give each other the supreme gift of sex.

I loved the feeling of his pounding dick entering my dripping, excited love canal. We would give each other the sexual "beating" we both needed so badly, until he'd explode into my pussy. Sometimes I

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would have nine orgasms in one session. It was always perfect.

So Mike, what happened? I still love you. And I know you're not getting better sex anywhere else — that's impossible. — *Name and address withheld*

Surprise visit

Rob had certainly not expected me to show up at his hotel room in Palm Beach that night. He is my boss, and I had decided I wanted more than a working relationship with him. I had become more and more distracted at the office, imagining what Rob would be like in bed, on his office desk, in the downstairs garage. I didn't want just any man, I wanted him. I prepared well for my surprise appearance, bringing along anything we might need in my bag of tricks.

Rob was surprised to see me when he opened the door. I decided not to waste another minute. "Rob, I have fantasised about having you on your big desk with everyone outside working away, I've come to work with nothing under my dress, hoping that you'd notice, you haven't and I'm tired of waiting." Not giving him time to answer, I removed my raincoat. Since I was naked, his eyes fell first to my tits, which were still smooth. I took care of that immediately by lifting my cockers in the palms of my hands and plucking at the nipples until they were hard. I could already tell he was not going to say no to me.

I led him to a chair and put on a dancing tape. I stood in front of him and began to move to the music, slowly, sensuously.

His eyes travelled with my hands as I showed him every inch of my body. After I had dipped my fingers into my slippery wet cunt, I knelt before him and ran my hands under his shirt. I could tell that he was as horny as I was by the bulge in his pants. He smiled as I unzipped his pants. The biggest, hottest-looking cock I had ever seen popped out and stood away from his body. He spoke for the first time since I had removed my coat. "I've wanted you since the first day you came to work for me."

Well, then he took over. He led me to the sliding glass doors, which were open. We could hear the ocean and a cool, salt breeze blew through them. We were both so horny that he was dripping pre-come and I was begging him to fuck me. He did suck on my tits before he mounted me, but once his blade touched my box, I bucked toward him. He slammed into me over and over until I was singing: "Ah-ah-ah, Rob!" I could feel his balls rubbing my bottom as we both exploded in a heavy orgasm.

While we caught our breath, he smiled and whispered to me that he was going to fuck me daily in the office from then on. — *Name and address withheld*

Sweet Heather

My girlfriend Heather and I have always had a very enjoyable sex life together. Although not overly tall at 160cm, she has a wonderful figure with the nicest set of tits around. Her best friend, Julie, looks very remarkably like her and is even the same height. They are both blonde, and on more than one occasion I have mistaken one for the other.

On my birthday last week, Heather promised me a night I wouldn't forget and I don't ever think I will.

We went out for tea and a few drinks, but really all I wanted to do was go home and get into bed with her. So around nine o'clock, we went home with Heather grinning and feeling me up all the way back. She told me to give her a couple of minutes and disappeared into the bedroom.

After a couple of minutes I went in and the lights were off. A pair of hands helped me to strip and we fell into bed together. I moved down to her beautiful love nest and worked my tongue in and out, just touching her clit. Her moaning increased and her wetness was soaking my face.

I gradually worked my way up, sucking on her perfect tits. Her nipples were standing to attention. Her hands were between my legs, stroking my balls and cock. Gradually we worked our way into a 69 position with my manhood touching the back of her throat. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to be able to last.

We turned around and I entered her soaking pussy. I really was in heaven (in more ways than one). I was stroking slowly at first, gradually going deeper and deeper. Her moaning was getting louder with every stroke, and I could feel her hot breath on my neck. I couldn't hold back any longer and neither could she. We both climaxed with my love juices pouring out into her pussy.

Then suddenly the light came on. Heather was standing by the door with a huge grin on her face. I'd been fucking her friend, Julie. Heather said: "You can never tell us apart so we thought we'd put you to the test."

She came over and joined us on the bed and said it was her turn now. It didn't take me long to stand to attention again, especially when she went down on Julie, saying she wanted to taste my juices in her friend's pussy.

I mounted Heather from behind while Julie squirmed around underneath us. She played with my balls while I was pumping frantically. Heather was moaning from between Julie's thighs and it wasn't long before we both came. I pulled my cock out and Julie sucked the last of my come. I joined Heather down between Julie's thighs and shortly she came again with a mighty gush.

It certainly was a night to remember. — *Name and address withheld*

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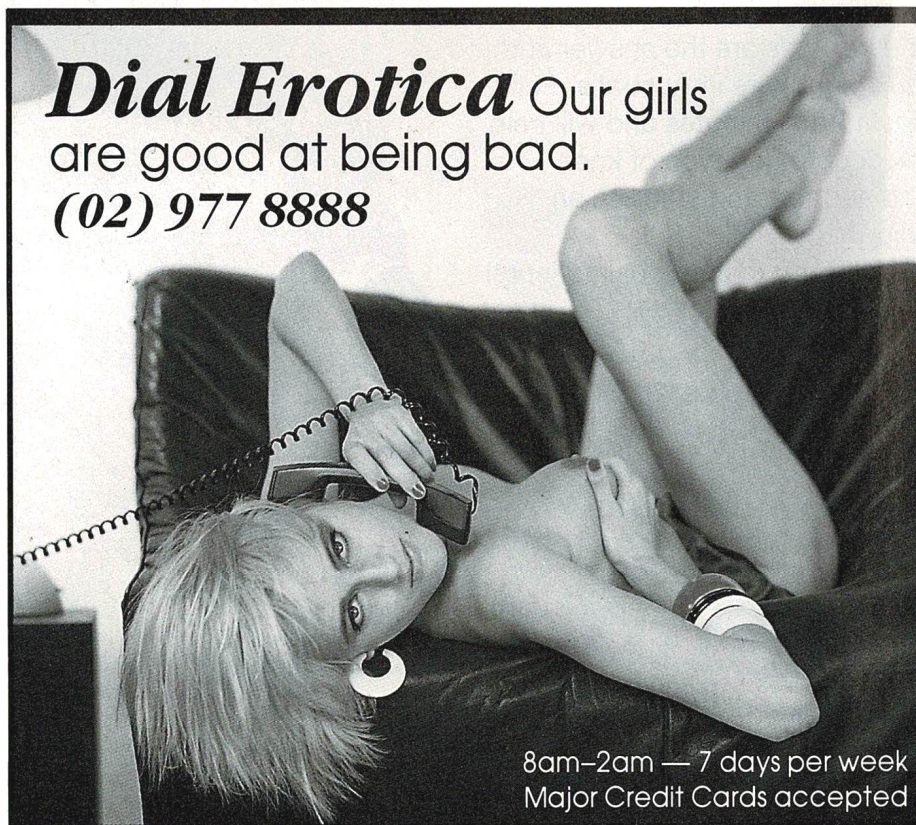
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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Territory tryst

This incident happened a few years ago when I was backpacking around Australia. I'd hitched a ride and was dropped off at a run-down hostel in a small town in the Northern Territory. It was dusk when I arrived and with the winter chill in the air, I was relieved to see a light on.

There was no-one at the small reception area so I walked down the hall and called out. A beautiful girl, about my own age, stepped out into the hall. She introduced herself as Katya and explained that the woman who ran the place had gone home for the night and that she was the only person there. She smiled and said she was relieved to see another girl as she hadn't been looking forward to spending the night alone.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. I'd often fantasised about what it would feel like to have sex with another woman and suddenly these thoughts were surfacing again.

She was stunning. Her hair was long and golden blonde, so different from my own short, dark curls. She was much taller than my petite 160cm and she had large, firm breasts which were straining against the checked shirt she was wearing. She wasn't wearing a bra and I noticed how her nipples stood out when a gust of cold air came through the open door. Her long legs and firm arse were moulded into her tight blue jeans.

Katya gestured to the doorway. "That's the girls' dorm," she said. I threw my pack down and looked around for some bedding to make up a bed. Katya explained that this hostel didn't provide bedding and on seeing me shiver at the prospect of a cold night she smiled warmly and said: "You can share with me if you want." Despite my fantasies, I thought she was just being hospitable, offering me a place to sleep.

We had a beautiful evening meal and Katya went to bed. She was asleep by the time I crawled in beside her. I normally sleep naked but prudently slipped on a T-shirt before getting into bed. Katya turned in her sleep and the blankets fell off her shoulders revealing her magnificent breasts. I could feel her nakedness

against me as I lay on my back trying to get my breathing into order. My fantasies were starting to take control, so, very softly, I plunged my fingers into my cunt. Moments later, I orgasmed with a shudder and turned my back to Katya in an attempt to hide what I'd been doing. Before long I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep when I became aware of Katya's hands caressing my back. I moaned and moved against her. Speaking softly to me she said: "Take off your T-shirt. I want to touch your skin." I did as she asked. Katya cuddled into my back and I could feel her naked breasts against me and the soft downy hair of her mound as it brushed against my arse. I was on fire.

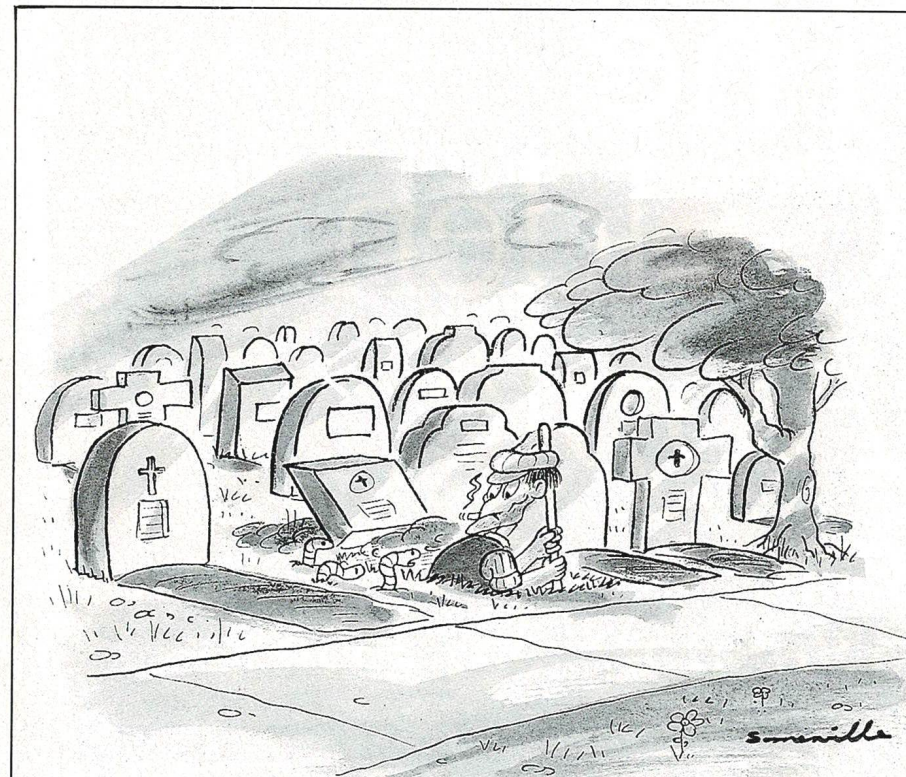
She wrapped her arms around me and fondled my breasts and fingered my nipples until I could feel my juices running down the side of my arse. By now I wanted to turn around but she held me firm and whispered, "later." Then she kissed and licked my back as she made her way down the narrow bed and, holding my hips, pulled my arse back so that I had my face over the side of the bed. By now I was making little noises of pleasure and had completely abandoned myself to her. She ran her tongue between the cheeks of my arse, probing as she went until I felt her tongue flicking in and out of my velvety wet pussy. She reached her fingers between my legs and firmly began

fingering my clit. It was more than I could take and with an intensity I'd never experienced before, I shuddered uncontrollably as my pussy orgasmed.

I lay collapsed with my head over the side of bed, allowing my breathing to return to normal before turning to Katya. She was fingering herself and her breath was coming in short gasps. I lay beside her and caressed those beautiful tits. Reaching down, I stroked her fingers before replacing her hand with my own. I started working on her clit and she reached between my damp thighs once again. She soon reached orgasm and for the first time in my life I felt another woman's hot juices flowing over my fingers.

I had to taste her. I turned myself around into a 69 position and started eating her out. I was amazed at how good I was at this. I held her pussy lips open and licked up her sweet juice, then flicked my tongue across her clit. She parted her legs wide as I explored her female parts with my tongue, my own pussy throbbing uncontrollably. It wasn't long before she was doing the same to me and within minutes we both reached another orgasm which left me tired and sweaty.

Katya gently reached down and encouraged me to turn around and lie beside her once more. We lay in each other's arms for the night and slept like children.



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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

In the early morning I was surprised to be woken by Katya working a vibrator between my legs. I sleepily awoke and found her grinning at me. "Never leave home without it," she laughed.

I took it from her and rolled her over on to her back and started to use it on her. She opened her legs wide and for the first time I got to see the pussy that had given me so much pleasure the night before. With my legs opened beneath hers and her knees draped over mine, I watched her come again and again as I worked the vibrator over her clit and in and out of her pussy.

The vibrator and my fingers were soaked with her juices, which I spread over my own box before working the vibrator into myself. Katya sat up and spread my pussy lips wide and watched as I stroked myself to orgasm.

We lay there contented until we suddenly heard footsteps. Like children sprung at the cookie jar, we quickly lay down and pretended to be asleep. I don't know if we fooled the hostel manager, as she gave us both a funny look when we booked out that morning.

Katya and I went different ways that morning and I have never forgotten her. — Name and address withheld

Biggles and giggles

So there we were, four dreadful, unwashed, hungover aviators on New Year's day, 1992. It had been an excellent party at Rottnest, and everyone there got blind.

Now at 0800 hours, at 2000 feet, it was time to endure the flip-side. Andrea and I were sitting in the back of the Cessna 172 leaning against each other, dozing whilst Bob explained the aircraft to his new bimbo, Suzi. Andrea complained that she was starting to feel queasy, so I suggested laughingly that we join the Mile High Club to get her mind off it. Still laughing, we unbuckled to show how it could be done.

I slid to the middle of the seat while Andrea got on to her knees. Still pissed, we kissed and I fondled her through her top before putting my arms around her and nuzzling my face into her soft breasts. About ten seconds later I felt the heat seep into my shorts, from hers. Surprised, I looked up and found her staring intently into my eyes with an expression that can be described as a bit horny. Much in the

same way as the bombing of Hiroshima was a bit noisy.

As I went to remove all doubt by asking if she was about to chuck on me, she dropped an awesome tongue down my throat and stuck a finger in my ear while driving her right hand up the leg of my shorts to tug at an eminently surprised, but rapidly adjusting penis.

I slid her jumper up above her pointy nipples. I urged her to lean forward so I could slide her shorts down to her knees. The shorts and panties came down in one easy action.

While we were separated at the crotch, I slid my boardies and boxers down to my thighs allowing my member respite from the cramped confines. Andrea's quim was unbelievably tasty-looking — a neat and tucked little crease.

Andrea lowered herself, using her hand to guide Mr Menace into that delicious-looking crevice. She kissed me again and ran the head back and forth along her crack to release some badly-needed lubrication. Then she centred on target and drove down unexpectedly. It was so hot, so tight I nearly blew straight away.

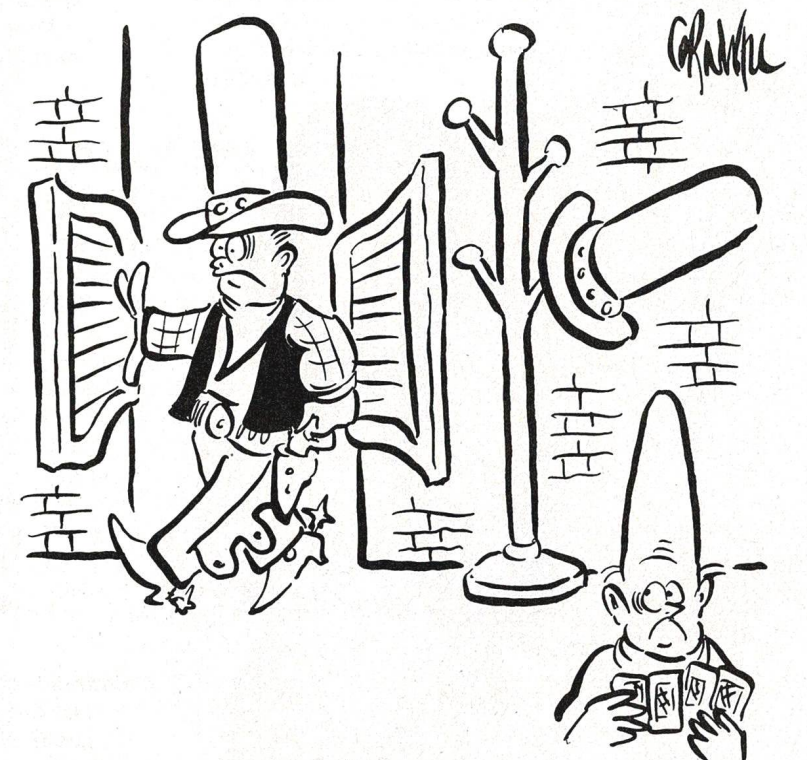
Andrea was using her muscles to run up my shaft, like fingers drumming on a table. I opened my eyes and looked over her shoulder to see that Suzi had transferred her lips to Bob's cock. I could see her pert little tits jiggle as her mouth — shaped like a perfect O — slid up and

down Bob's joystick. Bob turned slightly in his seat and caught me watching. "Beauty," he mouthed, and stuck a thumb up. The whole thing, Andrea's tastiness and tightness, sex in close quarters, group sex, another tasty body in front of me, took me over the top and orgasm was imminent. I looked at Suzi to see her push her head down to the very base of Bob's organ. Her arse pushed the control column forward and we dived fast. Andrea floated off my cock in an instant of zero gravity. Bob grappled with the controls and hauled back, causing Andrea to slam down on a penis that was shooting great wads of steaming come. Her left cheek landed squarely on top of my cock which bent double. Like seeing your mother-in-law push your new Mercedes over a cliff, I screamed in agony. Bob yelled loudly also, because, as I found out later, Suzi had hung on with the only thing she could — her teeth. After recovering from the dive, disentangling ourselves and mopping ineffectually at the gobs of come on the roof, we all pissed ourselves laughing.

Andrea finally got enough control to ask: "Well, do we qualify for the Mile High Club?"

Bob and I looked at each other, then at the girls.

"Sorry," I said sympathetically, "we're only at 2000 feet. Better luck next time." — Name and address withheld



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Continued from page 21

modern vehicle, have poorer structural integrity and more threatening cabin materials and features, and are more likely to have mechanical defects.

Today's vehicles are undeniably safer. Witness Audi, which has a patented Procon-ten system in its V8 and 100 V6 models. In a frontal collision, Procon-ten pulls the steering wheel and column down and away from the driver's chest.

It's encouraging that anti-skid ABS is becoming more readily available on cheaper models, even Australian-made cars such as the new Nissan Pulsar.

The ultimate safety of our cars is nevertheless limited by one factor — the ability of the drivers. Appalling driver education and questionable licensing testing is producing ill-equipped drivers. There would be fewer crashes, and therefore a reduction in deaths and injuries, if Australians were more skilled behind the wheel.

On a daily basis we see acts of madness on our roads. Not sheer speed, in the main, but simple stupidity, from drivers aged 17 to 80, male and female. Speed has taken a bum rap. The reality is that most Australians should not be in charge of a lethal weapon like a motor vehicle.

Down the years, state and Federal governments have used the road toll as an excuse to inflict all manner of draconian measures on the Australian motorist. Stiffer penalties and the increasing use of Big-Brother technology — speed cameras and radar-detectors — have been justified by pointing to the number of road deaths. And that sound you hear above the cries of anguish from the cowed motorist is the ringing of cash registers at the Treasury.

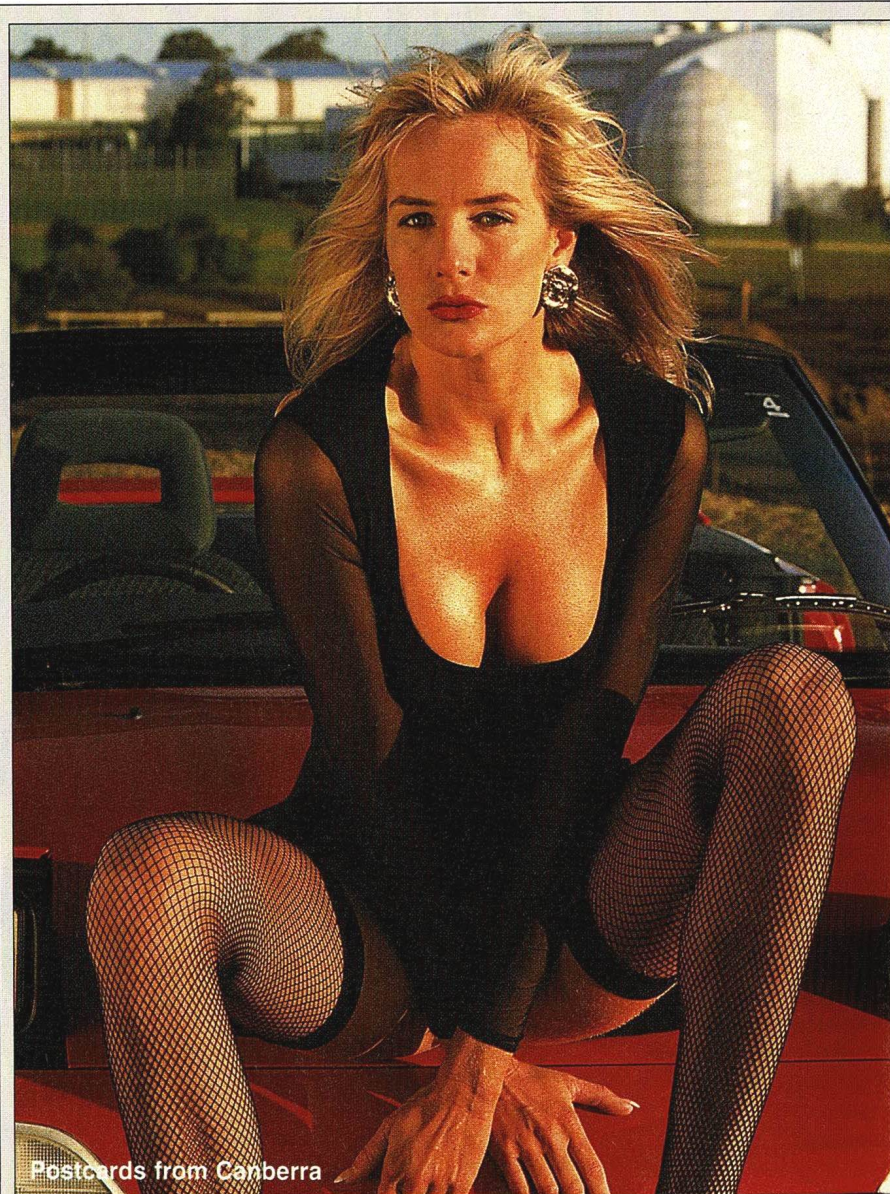
If governments placed a priority on saving lives rather than raising revenue, they would rid the roads of the incompetent drivers and they'd prepare young Australians better for the difficult task of staying alive in motor vehicles.

Lifting the driving standards, on a user-pays system, should be the easiest of the problems to address.

Training and licensing procedures for pilots are tough and yet it's far more crowded down here than it is up there.

The modern car is capable of much more than the average Australian driver can expect. A highly-skilled driver can overcome the deficiencies of bad roads, awful conditions and even the functional limitations of an old car.

But governments are reluctant to cull the inept, fearing electoral backlash and a loss of revenue. Every licensed driver contributes to the coffers, starting with the annual licence fee. — Peter McKay



Postcards from Canberra

INSIDE SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Besieged — The suburban siege, now a common police problem, is usually resolved with the "talking out" of the aggressor and his hostages. But sometimes things go wrong. Like the American bank siege where Vietnamese gang members started shooting bank staff. Police stormed the building, killing four gang members after they had murdered six people. Don't miss *Australian Penthouse's* dramatic pictorial expose of police procedure when a suburban home suddenly becomes a war zone.

Missing Persons — They were two famous Americans living strange lives in South-East Asia. In the space of six years, during the Sixties, anthropologist Michael Rockefeller and former intelligence agent Jim Thompson disappeared without trace in jungles under strange circumstances. Their bodies were never found. Some claim Rockefeller and Thompson are still alive. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* we investigate two jungle mysteries that have never been solved.

High Intelligence — Would you take a drug that makes you smarter, improves your memory, gives you all-night erections and makes you live longer? A hundred thousand Americans have already answered that question with a "yes." Now smart drugs are about to make their appearance in Australian cities. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* we look at the smart drug scene in Australia and overseas and talk to people on both sides of what is fast becoming a heated medical debate.

Postcards from Canberra — September *Australian Penthouse* heats up the country's cold capital city with a sizzling tour of Canberra's landmarks. Politicians and public servants turned their heads, and you will too, when you catch sensational Martina Walter strutting her stuff in the ACT.

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